The Outlook

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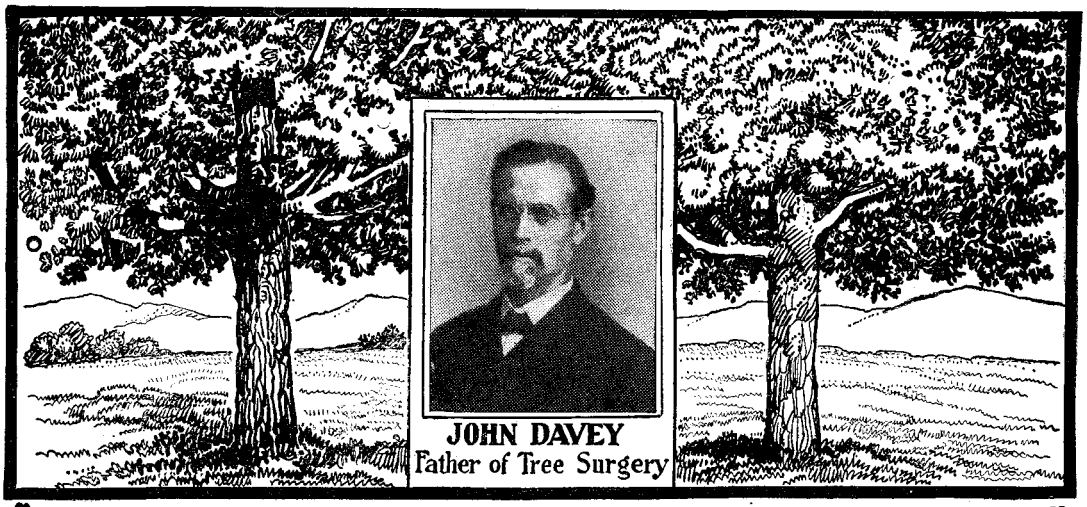

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The Outlook

FEBRUARY 19, 1910

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
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Contributing Editor

THE STATEHOOD BILL

Apparently two new States are about to join the Federal Union without any adequate consideration of their fitness for their responsibilities. According to the Twelfth Census, New Mexico had ten years ago a population of 195,310 and Arizona a population of 122,931. It is estimated that by this time New Mexico has increased its population to about 230,000, and Arizona to about 157,000. This means that New Mexico has less than half the population of Baltimore, which is but a single city in one of the smallest of the Eastern States, and several thousand less than the city of Newark, New Jersey; and that Arizona has a population many thousands less than Rochester, New York, and many more thousands less than Providence, Rhode Island, which is a city in the very smallest of the Eastern States. The fact that these two States will bring four new Senators into the United States Senate, having a combined vote equivalent to the vote of Senators representing sixteen millions of people, is not to be contemplated indifferently. The fact that small communities can now veto legislation demanded by an overwhelming preponderance of the American people affords no argument for making such minority veto still more impregnable. It has been said with incredible gravity that because there are such States in the Union as Wyoming, with a little more than a hundred thousand population, and Nevada, with less than fifty thousand, therefore Arizona and New Mexico are "entitled" to Statehood. No Territory, however populous, is entitled to Statehood. The only powers entitled to determine whether a Territory shall enter the Union as a sovereign State are those States that already compose that Union. If it will be an advantage to the Union for Arizona and New Mexico to help govern the rest of us, the burden of proof is on them to show that it will be. So far they have not provided any such demonstration. The sole ground on which they are to be admitted is that there was a plank in the Republican platform pledging their admission. Is this the way in which great questions involving the future of the Nation are to be settled? Policies of great moment which have been under discussion for years and years, and have the hearty support of the American people, yet remain unembodied in law even though they have been made subjects of party pledges; but here is a little plank, inserted during the early morning hours at the end of an exhausting session without adequate discussion, and it looms up as the one part of the platform which no one can afford to violate. If in future years the great body of the American people in remonstrance against minority vetoes should find their only remedy in revolutionary acts, those who have thoughtlessly allowed such a bill as this Statehood Bill to become law will have to bear before posterity a great burden of blame.

UNCONSCIOUS PUBLIC USEFULNESS

Two men in Congress last week rendered services which they had not the slightest intention of rendering. Mr. Macon, a Democratic Representative from Arkansas, in complacent unconsciousness that he had already been shown to be an irresponsible retailer of libelous gossip, renewed his attack on the Immigration Commission as a body of extravagant junketers. Those who have

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watched Mr. Macon address the House know how adequately his manner fits his matter. He brought upon himself at first the laughter of contempt; but he has now raised the laughter of amusement. It is a real service to bring into ridicule the practice of making irresponsible personal attacks. The other public man who unwittingly did the Nation a service is Senator Heyburn, of Idaho. In an extended speech he protested against the proposition that the War Department should lend tents for a Confederate reunion. He waved the bloody shirt, and nobody yelled. He waxed oratorical about the treason of Southerners, and there was no enthusiasm. And when the vote was taken, his was actually the only voice in the negative. Mr. Heyburn has proved to the country that the old-time sectional appeal against the South is no longer effective even as buncombe. Though we believed this to be the fact, we are indebted to Mr. Heyburn for establishing it beyond dispute.

MR. PINCHOT AND THE RANGER SCHOOLS

At a dinner given to Mr. Gifford Pinchot at the National Arts Club of New York City on February 9, Mr. Pinchot made his first formal reply to the recent charge that he had been using funds of the Government illegally in the education of rangers who were engaged in the Forestry Service. From his statement it appears that the Forest Service has never spent any money for the training of any young man who is not already in the Service, nor has it sent any students to college; but it has selected men already in the Service, one or two men from each forest, to go for eight, ten, or twelve weeks to four State universities in order to learn certain things necessary for their regular work for the Government. To administer the National Forests, the Forest Service needs rangers. It has been unable to get them. Hence it had to take the best material offering and then enter upon a process of education. It first established ranger meetings, or schools, so that the half-educated young rangers might properly estimate standing timber, select timber for cutting, scale logs, understand surveying, map-making, and lumbering processes, lay out trails and roads, have some knowledge of the rudiments of forest laws and administration. These men were ordered to take courses prescribed for the Forest Service, partly taught by its officers, and organized and arranged specially to meet its needs. By the pressure of necessity the ranger meetings, which were officially approved and authorized by the Secretary of Agriculture, grew into ranger schools which rangers and teachers attended at Government expense without objection, and from these ranger schools selected men were sent, without expense to the Government (though their salaries were still continued), for further education in forestry at the State universities. Authority for such instruction is afforded by the proviso in the Agricultural Appropriation Act which provides money for "all expenses necessary for the administration, protection, and improvement of the National Forests." The expenditure of public funds for ranger schools, attended and taught wholly at Government expense, is recognized as within the law. Mr. Pinchot contended, we think correctly, that money spent for ranger schools at State universities is in precisely the same legal position. The only difference is that such schools cost the Government less for teaching.

INFORMATION WANTED

When Mr. Pinchot was removed from office, Mr. McCabe, Solicitor of the Department of Agriculture, was Forester for three or four days before the appointment of Mr. Graves, the present Forester. On discovering that the Forestry Bureau was carrying the names of nearly two hundred young students of forestry on the rolls as rangers while they were attending college, Mr. McCabe telegraphed to the disbursing officers in the field to pay no expenses connected with them. These telegrams, says Mr. Pinchot, were kept secret from every member of the Service in Washington except the stenographer who wrote them. With equal concealment from the men in the Forest Service, adds Mr. Pinchot, a letter was prepared and sent to Comptroller Tracewell, of the Treasury Department, asking for "a speedy advance decision" as to the

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legality of the ranger schools. This letter, which, it is stated by some Washington correspondents, was approved by Secretary Wilson, was so framed, Mr. Pinchot claims, as to secure a decision against the schools, and it was successful in doing so. Mr. Pinchot adds:

> This letter is a misrepresentation, because it omits to state the central, essential, and incontrovertible facts. . . . The Solicitor and Acting Forester was in honor and in duty bound to forward the work of the Forest Service by every lawful means at his command. By his official position he was its counsel and advocate. Yet he made no attempt to assist the Service in this matter. On the contrary, he led the secret attack upon it, and used anxious and successful care that no attempt to defend its course should be made by any other man. The men of the Forest Service were first informed that the legality of their work was in question only after adverse judgment had been rendered, without giving any hearing whatever. I am not concerned with the motive behind this indefensible sacrifice of the public welfare. It is a typical illustration of a certain way to obey the law. Of course it is not obedience to the law at all, but prostitution of the law.

It is now seen that the Service has obtained something more than intelligence in its rangers; it has won their loyalty. Though the effect of the Comptroller's decision on young men with salaries ranging from $900 to $1,300 will be disastrous, half of the number have already elected to stay at the four schools at their own expense. They are suffering because the law has been unjustly invoked. As Mr. Pinchot says, it has been made "a cover for *not* doing what a public officer has a right to do, and what the public interest demands that he shall do." We think the public have a right to hear from Solicitor McCabe, and to hear from him something more than the mere general statement attributed to him that it is "absolutely untrue." What is untrue? That he is Solicitor, and was Acting Forester, and wrote to the Comptroller, and got a reply? Or is it merely untrue that he did this without giving any opportunity for those who were carrying on this policy to explain and defend it? If he gave that opportunity, with whom did he communicate, and what answer did he get? Our readers, we are sure, would be glad to know what Mr. McCabe has to say on these points.

MR. PINCHOT AND THE BALLINGER BILLS

Passing from discussing this example of a case where the "letter killeth," Mr. Pinchot proceeded to define the aims and methods of the National Conservation Association, of which he is now President. The Association's ideal is to benefit, first, the people who live on the earth now; second, to benefit posterity; third, not to benefit a few, but all the people. It is not sufficient, he declared, that our natural resources should be saved; it is also necessary that, when saved, there be equal opportunity and the "square deal" to all concerned. In this spirit Mr. Pinchot describes the bills regarding the conservation of natural resources recently introduced in Congress on behalf of the Secretary of the Interior, and hence popularly and properly called "the Ballinger bills." Of these Mr. Pinchot asserts that two are good, three good with certain bad features, and three apparently bad. The bill for the survey of railway land grants will properly enable the railways to perfect titles to their lands; and the amended Withdrawal of Lands Bill, which was not good as presented by Secretary Ballinger, is good as amended by the Senate Committee and reported to the Senate. The difference between the two bills has been already reported by The Outlook (February 12, p. 320). The "good and bad bills" are the coal, oil, and water power bills. The coal and oil bills wisely separate the surface of the land from the underlying minerals, and provide for the disposal of the minerals by lease and not by sale. But the coal bill limits the maximum royalty to be charged to fifteen cents a ton—too low a price; the bill does not contain as good an anti-monopoly clause as was in the Alaskan Coal Act of 1908; and the clause to regulate rates is "so framed that it may be evaded with ease." The oil bill requires similar amendment. "But the fundamental principles of these two bills are sound." The provision for compensation to the Government by the water power companies in harmony with existing practice is also sound, but, on the one hand, it fails to provide adequately for the rights of the people, and, on the other hand, imposes restriction on the power companies more burdensome to them than valuable to the

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Government. The reclamation bill and the timber bill are bad because they open the reclaimed and timber lands to absentee landlordism and to speculators, as apparently does also the classification bill, which has the effect to open to private appropriation at $2.50 an acre such deposits of iron ore as lie in the National Forests of Minnesota. We are inclined to believe that Mr. Pinchot's present independent position as President of the National Conservation Association will give him greater power and greater freedom, both before Congress and before the people, to fight careless legislation and legislation careless of public interests but carefully devised for private interests, than he could possibly possess as a subordinate member of the Administration. We recommend those of our readers who desire to give him their support to write to the Association for information as to conditions of membership.

AN ILLEGAL BOYCOTT

The heavy collective fine of $74,000 was assessed last week in Hartford by a jury in the United States Circuit Court against about two hundred trade union members who had tried by boycott to destroy the business of a manufacturing hatter, Mr. Loewe. The action was brought under the Sherman or Anti-Trust Law, and by the terms of that law the actual damages thus assessed are trebled, so that the total amount will be $222,000. This Danbury Hat Case will be famous as the first test case to settle immensely important and wide-reaching principles of law relating to industrial warfare. These principles were laid down in a decision of the United States Supreme Court rendered just about two years ago and then reported in The Outlook. Briefly stated, the facts were these: In 1902 the employees of Mr. Loewe's firm went on strike, with the main object of making the shop a closed or union shop. In the long fight that ensued the strikers have been aided in every way by their National trade association, and Mr. Loewe has been supported by an American Anti-Boycott Association. The boycott by which the union tried to carry its point was not only primary but secondary—that is, the strikers and their friends not only refused to buy the goods (a thing they had a perfect right to do), but they instigated boycotts against firms which sold these goods. This secondary boycott through the American Federation of Labor was carried on all over the country. For instance, a San Francisco firm which distributed these Danbury hats was put on the Federation's "unfair list." The Supreme Court properly, therefore, held that there was a wrongful restriction of inter-State traffic, that individuals acting in and through a union could violate the law as truly as could corporations. Such a combination as a secondary boycott might be, under the common law, a conspiracy to injure, and under the Sherman Law it became a combination to restrict inter-State commerce. We believe that the principle thus laid down by the Supreme Court is just morally as well as sound in law. Unions must not expect forcibly to drive employers into the closed-shop practice; they must hope, rather, if possible, to convince them of the desirability of this course for both parties. But this question followed the decision, How could unincorporated unions be held to account for damages inflicted by their members? The verdict of last week was not against the unions as such, but against the individual members; attachments had been made of property belonging to the defendants, and the property had then been released under a bond supplied, we suppose, by the American Federation; so that, unless the defendants obtain from a higher Federal court a reversal of the decision on exceptions taken, damages of a large amount will actually be obtained by the party injured. The verdict of last week almost necessarily resulted from the Supreme Court decision of two years ago. Counsel for Mr. Loewe express their idea of the fundamental principle involved in their victory as that of the individual responsibility of every member of a union for the acts of its officers and agents in furtherance of its purposes. It would seem to be axiomatic that an association of men like a trade union should not, as individuals, hope to escape the consequences of an illegal act because their association is not incorporated. Hereafter we shall hear less of that form of intimidation involved in the secondary boycott. And the

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trades unions may, as a result, be inclined to seek incorporation, which, in our judgment, would be an advantage both to them and to the community.

THE ALLDS INVESTIGATION

It is not often that charges of legislative corruption nine years old are so definitely formulated and clearly presented as those now laid before the New York Senate. It is to the credit of the party in power in the State Legislature that it has shown no disposition to shirk the unpleasant duty of examining the record of a man of its own ranks, a party leader in the Assembly at the time when the bribery is charged. On the contrary, it has acted with promptness and dignity, and has shown every intention of making a searching investigation. The present Republican leaders declare that if there has been wrong-doing by Republicans, the true interest of the party as well as public morality requires open and thorough action by the party's members in their legislative capacity. It has long been asserted that the period of the early years of the decade just closing was prolific of corruption and improper influences at Albany. The charge against Senator J. P. Allds is direct and positive, and in reply to the objection that it must in its nature rest chiefly on the word of confessed bribe-givers, it is argued, first, that this is, of necessity, true generally in such charges; and, second, that this was not a case where interested persons tried to bribe legislators to do something for their benefit, affirmatively speaking, but rather what is commonly and expressively called a "hold-up." It is asserted in this case that certain highway bills were introduced for the express purpose of intimidating bridge-building companies through fear of serious business injury into buying off those who controlled the bills and procuring the withdrawal of the bills; and it is declared that this is exactly what happened. Senator Benn Conger, who now brings the charge against Senator Allds, alleges that he and others largely interested in such companies were practically blackmailed into making payments, and that $1,000 was handed to Allds personally in cash in a sealed envelope in Benn Conger's presence, as coming from Mr. Frank Conger, the brother of the accuser and the active partner in their bridge business. Mr. Moe, who for many years had been an employee of the Congers, confirmed this statement before the Senate and admitted also that he handed envelopes containing $1,000 and $4,000 to other legislators (now dead, it is generally believed) at the same time and for the same purpose, namely, to procure the withdrawal of bills hostile to the bridge companies. It would be improper and unfair to express any opinion of the charges while the investigation is incomplete; neither is this the time to debate the important question as to the relative guilt of bribe-givers and bribe-takers under the circumstances alleged. It can only be hoped that the matter will be probed to the very bottom, and that, if the charges are sustained, such drastic action will ensue as will make legislative wrong-doers fear and tremble, and such evil practices be unknown in the future history of the State.

MR. FAIRBANKS AND THE POPE

In the course of his trip around the world, ex-Vice-President Fairbanks arrived in Rome two weeks ago, and arrangements were made for his reception both by the King and by the Pope. It was announced that he would make two addresses in Rome; the first before the Roman Catholic American College, the second before the students of the Methodist schools. The Methodist Church has quite an extensive equipment and organization for religious teaching in Rome. The central headquarters of Methodism in Italy is a building containing an audience-room, an American church, provisions for various other organizations and working instrumentalities, and room for a theological school and a boys' school. Near this building is that of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, where nearly three hundred girls received instruction last year. There is also a Girls' Home School, in charge of a granddaughter of Garibaldi. These schools have gained the respect and confidence of Americans, not only because of the spirit in which they are conducted, but because of their educational efficiency. To the American Roman Catholic students Mr. Fair-

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banks made a broad-minded and felicitous address; but the announcement that he was to speak to the Methodists resulted in the withdrawal of the Pope's consent to receive him. The Pope, like every other sovereign, has a right to receive or to refuse to receive whom he will; it is a personal question with each individual. But in this case the refusal became so significant, by reason of the ground on which it was based, that the incident has attracted wide attention. It was stated that the refusal was based on the Methodist methods of proselytizing in Italy, which have been characterized by several Roman Catholic prelates in this country as unfair and vicious. Of this opinion, held by the Roman hierarchy, Mr. Fairbanks was probably entirely ignorant. When it was announced that, if he made the address before the Methodists, the Pope would be unable to receive him, he very properly chose to make the address—one of the wisest and most admirable actions of his life. Mr. Fairbanks is a man of liberal impulses. His address to the rector and students of the American Catholic College was a just and generous recognition of the great share of Christian work which has fallen to the Roman Catholic Church, and which in many places is being admirably conducted by that Church. It is unfortunate that the same view of Christian tolerance was not taken at the Vatican. The Pope has the regard and confidence of the Protestant as well as of the Catholic world; his sincere piety and his desire to serve humanity are unquestioned. It is unfortunate that with these high qualities he does not unite a broader conception of his relations to the world. The incident brings out one of the fundamental differences between the Catholic and Protestant view. The Protestant holds that truth is absolutely free to all men who can follow and grasp it, and that it can be safely left to care for itself. The Catholic view, on the other hand, holds that the truth is a deposit in the hands of the Church, and that the function of the Church is to protect it by preventing the propagation of error. It is undoubtedly true, as a distinguished Roman Catholic ecclesiastic has pointed out, that the Pope is the Bishop of Rome, and that Rome is in a sense his parish, in which he takes a peculiar and special interest. That interest would best be served by such an exposition of Catholic principles and teachings as would draw to the Church and keep in it all those who are by residence members of the Pope's "parish." It cannot be preserved by excluding other teaching, no matter how offensive the methods may be.

COMMANDER PEARY AND THE SOUTH POLE

After the North Pole the South. The one quest has possessed the imagination of men for generations; it is now at an end. The other has never made so romantic an appeal to the exploring spirit; but now it has a new distinction in being the only monumental feat of exploration that remains undone. The nearest approaches have been made by Englishmen. In 1904 Captain Robert F. Scott, of the British Navy, reached a point 500 miles from the Pole; and last year Lieutenant E. H. Shackleton followed practically the same route to within 111 miles of the Pole. Another British expedition is planned for next fall, again under the command of Captain Scott. It now seems certain that the endeavors of this party will be rivaled by an American expedition, and, happily, the initiative for this American attempt to discover the South Pole comes from the American discoverer of the North. On Tuesday of last week a National testimonial was given to Commander Robert E. Peary at the Metropolitan Opera-House in New York. At its close Governor Hughes, who presided, handed Commander Peary a check for $10,000, the gift of a group of citizens of New York. In acknowledging the gift, the explorer announced: "This money I will to-morrow deposit in a bank as a joint contribution toward fitting out an Antarctic expedition, to enter the Stars and Stripes in a manly race for the discovery of the South Pole against our British cousins." This unselfish action Governor Hughes well characterized when he said, "So the finest endeavor has its fitting crown in generosity." A further guarantee of the sending of the expedition is the agreement between the Peary Arctic Club and the National Geographic Society that the former will provide the Roosevelt,

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the vessel in which Commander Peary made his successful voyage to the North, if the Society will raise $50,000 for fitting out the expedition. In accordance with Mr. Peary's suggestion, it is planned to have the expedition headed by Captain Robert A. Bartlett, who commanded the Roosevelt and led the supporting party which accompanied the discoverer farthest on his successful dash. If the expedition is despatched as is planned, Americans and British will be approaching the Pole simultaneously from diametrically opposite directions, and the race will be a thrilling event in a grim kind of international sport. The value of such exploration was admirably expressed by Governor Hughes in his tribute to Commander Peary:

I have no sympathy with those who inquire of what utility may be the discovery of the North Pole, or a visit to those frozen regions. When the time comes when knowledge will not be sought for its own sake, and men will not press forward simply in a desire of achievement without hope of gain to extend the limits of human knowledge and information, then indeed will the race enter upon its decadence. All that we have to-day by way of material benefits, and all the blessings of our richly favored civilization, are due to those noble souls who in their first endeavor were unable to see aught of gain, but pressed forward because of the unconquerable ambition of manhood to achieve.

There have been no men in all the race of men who have more finely exhibited the capacity of manhood in its splendid power of endurance, in its talent for organization, in its self-control, in its ability to hold its own in a period of years to the pursuit of a goal, than has been exhibited in this long line of distinguished explorers of whom to-night we greet the chief and the most successful.

Honor to the courage and successful perseverance of the man who through twenty-three years of effort discovered the North Pole. But more honor to his generous spirit in devoting a well-earned reward to the purposes of another expedition in which he will have no active part.

ROSTAND'S NEW PLAY

For many months past Paris has taken an intense interest in Rostand's "Chantecler," and for weeks past all the space for the opening night at the Porte St. Martin Theater had been sold, much of it at great prices. On the night of February 6 the enforced patience of the naturally impatient Parisians was rewarded by what, if newspaper records are to be trusted, was a very successful presentation of a play unique in its character. When the historic knock which is always heard in French theaters sounded, and the curtain was about to rise, Coquelin rushed from behind the scenes, held the curtain, and delivered a delightfully witty prologue which most happily introduced a drama the success of which must have appeared incredible to most people who knew its character. Not since the days when Aristophanes wrote "The Birds," that brilliant satire on Athenian ambition and gullibility, has there been a more audacious plot. Not a human being appeared as such on the stage. All the performers were birds or animals. There were hens of various colors, pigeons, chickens, a dog, and a cat. When the curtain rose, it revealed a characteristic French farmyard, with a great bird-cage and a hen-house in which were gigantic fowls, so costumed in feathers that they are reported to have seemed natural and not grotesque, the beaks being placed on the foreheads of the performers so as not to interfere with vocal expression. The great cock "Chantecler," the Blackbird, the Pheasant, the Guinea-Hen, and the Duck were the principal actors, and their parts, if reports are to be trusted, were performed with wonderful skill. The second scene represented a forest at midnight, with all the birds gathered in conclave, conspiring against Chantecler. The curtain rose for the third act on a garden. The fourth act was performed in a forest, with the moonlight shining on vines and toadstools, rabbits peeping from holes, frogs jumping in a pool, nightingales singing. There were many lyrical passages of striking beauty, among them a Hymn to the Sun recited by Chantecler and received with enthusiastic acclaim by the audience, and an Ode to the Night rendered by all the birds in conclave. Precisely what is meant by this extraordinary drama, or whether anything is intended by the dramatist beyond an effective and novel dramatic fantasy, does not yet appear. The audience took the play as a combination of poetry, humor, brilliant fantasy, and wonderful stage effects, and cheered the author to the echo. It is announced that the play will be presented in this country.

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WHICH ROAD?

In the state of political confusion which extends over all the country, but is particularly manifest at Washington, the people are looking for some one to stand forth and lead. Who shall that be?

Contrary to the plans of the men who framed the American Constitution, the branch of the Federal Government which has become most democratic is the Executive. The President, originally designed to be far removed from the people, who were regarded as subject to whims and passion, has come to be *par excellence* the whole people's one representative. The Senate does not represent the people as a whole; it represents the conflicting interests of the States, and too much also the conflicting interests of certain classes. The House of Representatives does not represent the people as a whole, but only the sum of all the country's parts—which is a very different thing. The President alone takes office as the servant and leader and champion of all the people of the entire Nation. Unless he serves the people, the people have no servant; if he does not lead the people, the people are without a leader; if he does not champion their cause, the people can look to no one else to be their champion.

This is why the country is watching with unconcealed solicitude, and yet not without expectancy, the course of Mr. Taft. This is why people are eager to know not so much what Congress is going to do as what the President is doing. This is why people are anxious to learn not so much whether certain measures are to be passed as what, in the struggle over those measures, is to be the attitude of the Administration.

Sufficient answer to this inquiry is not to be found in the measures which the Administration has prepared. This is partly because the people, as a whole, do not altogether understand those measures. They know that bills have been prepared for the further control of inter-State commerce, for the establishment of postal savings banks, for the regulation and control of water power sites, coal deposits, forests, and the like, and for the incorporation of industrial concerns by the Federal Government; but they are not sure what these bills signify. Chiefly, however, it is because they feel that the issue before the country is too fundamental to be settled by the passage of any measures; that it is an issue between inconsistent ideals of government; that it involves not only the passage of legislative measures, but even more intimately the question of political methods.

This issue concerns the control of wealth in its twofold form—wealth in the form of industrial organizations, and wealth in the form of natural resources. It resolves itself into the question, Shall this wealth be controlled by special interests with as little Governmental regulation as possible, or shall it be controlled by the people through abundantly adequate Governmental regulation? On the one side are those who have these special interests themselves, with all those who have been trained to think about the acquisition of wealth as the owners do, and those who, because of their conservative temperament, are opposed to extending the powers or functions of Government or increasing the responsiveness of Government to the popular will. On the other side are those who believe that the public interest transcends any special interest or any combination of special interests, and who therefore are convinced not only that the powers of Government should be extended and freed from traditional fetters, but that the Government should be enabled to respond more promptly than it does at present to the will of the people. Confronting each other are thus two sets of men—the one conservative, called in the vernacular "stand-patters," the other progressive, shading from the moderate to the radical. In favor of the one side are natural human inertia, the advantage of organization and concentrated wealth, and an almost unchangeable form of government which grants several different minority groups a nearly unreversible veto. In favor of the other is little else than a growing informed public sentiment reinforced by belief in self-government and a new conscience regarding public affairs.

What creates the confusion at present is the fact that these two elements are represented by no corresponding formal parties. Neither the Democratic nor the Republican party represents either the

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one element or the other. Both elements are in both parties. This condition of confusion cannot continue much longer. So far, however, as securing practicable measures is concerned, the conservative or reactionary element has been in sufficient control of both parties to make the progressive movement seem like a revolt.

The anomaly is thus presented of a party in power pledged to a definitely progressive policy, yet, in legislative matters and prevailingly in the matter of organization, under the leadership of men by temperament and training strongly conservative if not reactionary. This fact was plainly exhibited by the history of the tariff bill. Pledged to a revision downward, the Republican party framed a tariff which, so far as its schedules were concerned, was chiefly an adjustment of duties to the demands of conflicting special interests. Opposed to this party is another in quite as anomalous a position. It is composed of two equally diverse elements—the one devoted to such an interpretation of the Constitution as to render the Federal Government impotent to control either the natural or the organized forms of wealth, the other devoted to the quite impracticable project of preventing the close organization of industry so that there will not be any concentrated wealth to control. Under these circumstances the issue must now be fought out, not between two parties, but within the Republican party, and specifically among the Republicans in Congress. What is to be the outcome?

There are, so far as we can see, only two possible outcomes. If the progressive element within the Republican party in Congress is suppressed, or ignored, or pushed to one side, a new party or a new alignment of parties will result. This is what happened during the slavery conflict. This is what must happen when a great popular movement fails to control any existing party: it must create a party of its own. The danger in this is the same that always exists under such circumstances. It is that one of the old parties will become virtually an extreme reactionary party, the other of the old parties will in time cease to exist, while the new party born of passion and resentment will be in constant peril of extreme, impractical, and possibly unscrupulous radicalism.

The alternative outcome is what we hope for. This is a change of leadership within the Republican party itself. Men known to be believers in progressive policies are the men who ought to be in charge of measures avowedly framed to carry out those policies. If the Republican party is really to stand for the control of wealth, natural and organized, it cannot stop with passing the Administration measures; it must see that men are placed in posts of authority and power who embody the political beliefs and the moral standards in public affairs compatible with the policy the party has adopted. The country does not believe that Senators Aldrich and Hale or that Messrs. Cannon and Tawney are men of that description.

That is why the country is watching with deepest concern the President's course; that is why it has been anxious to learn whether patronage has been bestowed or withheld to punish men who voted, even mistakenly, against private interests and for what they regarded as the public interest; that is why the country wishes that the Administration could have managed to retain in public service such a man as Gifford Pinchot. The Republican party has come to the parting of the ways.

DO WOMEN WISH TO VOTE?

Senator Brackett has introduced into the New York State Legislature a bill providing for a special election to be held next fall, the day before the regular election, in which women alone should vote, and in which the question should be submitted to them whether or not they desire the ballot. The Executive Committee of the New York State Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage have unanimously passed a resolution that they will neither oppose nor advocate this bill; that the burden of proof as to the desire for woman suffrage lies with the suffragists, and the anti-suffragists are ready, if the bill should pass, to meet the issue. The newspapers report expressions of opposition to the bill by some prominent advocates of woman suffrage, but we have not seen any report

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of any official action by any woman suffrage association.

Senator Brackett's bill is fatally defective in one important particular: it provides specifically that "registration shall not be required to qualify a person to vote at such election." This would be an invitation to wholesale fraud and corruption in the larger cities, where a very undesirable class of women voters might repeat their votes indefinitely. If this defect were corrected and registration were required as a preliminary to voting, and the election were accompanied by those guards which experience has proved to be necessary in order to prevent repeating and other forms of illegal voting, the election would be well worth what it would cost. It is true that if all the women of the State were to vote in favor of woman suffrage, this would not of itself give them the suffrage. To give women the vote in New York State a change in the Constitution is necessary, and that change can be made only by the present voters and in the method which the Constitution itself prescribes. But it is also true that such an election would be practically decisive of the question.

For, on the one hand, those who are most opposed to woman suffrage would generally favor giving it to women if women want it, but are opposed to imposing it on women if women do not want it. The reason for this is, or ought to be, quite apparent. Whatever evils, social or political, woman suffrage might entail, they would be less than the evils produced by the discontent if a majority of women desired to vote and were refused the opportunity by men. The Outlook is opposed to woman suffrage primarily because it is an advocate of woman's rights, and believes in her right to be exempt from the responsibility of participating in the duties and burdens of government, that she may be free in the future, as she has been in the past, for a much more important service to the community. If an election should show that she no longer wishes this exemption, we would not force it upon her.

On the other hand, it is difficult to see how, with any consistency, the advocates of woman suffrage can object to such an election. For the fundamental principle of the woman suffragists is that women have a right to vote on political questions. In that case, surely they have a right to vote on this for them most fundamental of all political questions, whether the responsibility and duty of voting shall be laid upon them. Do the woman suffragists who every year go before the State Legislature asking that the suffrage be extended to women really represent a great body of patient women who are eager for a right of suffrage now denied them? Or are they a small minority of women who, for one reason or another, desire to force upon reluctant women a task which is irksome to them? It is important that the present voters should get an answer to this question, and we can conceive no better way to ascertain the wish of the silent women than to give them a free opportunity to express their wish.

If in such an election the great majority of the women qualified to vote should refuse to register and to cast a ballot, that fact would be a demonstration that they are either opposed to woman suffrage or indifferent to it. And this fact, if it should turn out to be the fact, would be, to most men, a conclusive reason why no further attention need be paid to the small body of those who by such an election would be shown to be non-representative women who are clamorously demanding the ballot. If, on the other hand, the result should be that a majority of the women of the State care enough for the ballot to register and go to the polls and vote for the suffrage, that fact would prove their desire to assume the responsibility from which they have hitherto been exempt, and there is no doubt that their desire would be complied with as soon as the necessary steps could be taken to change the Constitution. A brief and perhaps heated canvass would probably precede the special election which Senator Brackett proposes, but it would be followed by a welcome rest. If a majority of the women expressed their desire for the suffrage, and it was granted, as in that case it would be, of course the agitation would cease. If, on the other hand, the great majority of the women by their abstention from voting indicated that they did not desire the ballot, however little

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the woman suffragists might be satisfied with the result, and however desirous they might be to continue the agitation, they would find it impossible to get any further general public attention. The question would be closed by the silent vote of the women, and the public would turn its attention to other problems of more immediate importance.

RELIGION AND MIRACLE

A number of letters have been received, called out by the article "Religion and Miracle" in The Outlook of January 8, 1910. Some of them are simple expressions of thanks for help received; some are simple expressions of unqualified condemnation; most of them contain questions or present difficulties. At first I thought to publish a selected number of these letters, but limitations of space and difficulty of choice made this plan impracticable. Then I attempted to give to them all personal answers, but limitation of time made this impracticable. I have finally decided, therefore, to answer the more important of these questions in a conversational article, and to ask my correspondents to accept this article as though it were a personal response.

Let me in the outset give expression to my fundamental faith: God is in his world, guiding, directing, controlling, creating. All power comes from him. All life has its source in him. I believe, with the Hebrew Psalmist, that he sends the springs into the valleys; he waters the hills from his chambers; he causes the grass to grow; he makes the darkness and the light; he causes the sun to rise; what he gives both man and beast gather; he sends forth his spirit in new creative works, and daily and hourly renews the face of the earth. I believe that the supremest manifestation of God in human history is found in the life and character of Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God and the world's Messiah. I believe that he lived, suffered, died, rose from the dead, and lives in his church and leads his people, a personal, living presence as truly in the world to-day as in the world nineteen centuries ago. I object to the word "supernatural" because it seems to imply a nature that is apart from God, like a watch which he has wound up and with which occasionally he interferes that it may keep time accurately. I object to the word because I believe that all the natural is supernatural and all the supernatural is natural, and that everything that lives, lives and moves and has its being in Him who is the Universal Presence. I believe that God is as truly and as evidently in America in this twentieth century as he ever was in Palestine in the centuries that have passed, and that if we were to open our eyes we could see him as clearly as ever the prophets saw him.

Nor do I raise any question as to the power of God—his power to turn five loaves into five thousand, or to cause the ax-head to swim in the water, or to enable a prophet to live in the belly of a great fish, or to make the earth stand still in its revolution around the sun. The question of miracles is not what God *can* do, but what God *has done*, and the question what God has done is simply a historical question, to be determined, like all other historical questions, by evidence.

Finally, I do not believe that the Bible is inerrant and infallible. It never claims for itself to be inerrant and infallible, and I decline to claim for it what it does not claim for itself. One of my correspondents asks me whether we shall teach our children that the Bible is like the "Arabian Nights." My answer is, we should teach our children that the Bible is a collection of literature which contains some history, some law, some poetry and drama, some fiction. We should teach our children the difference between fact and truth, and enable them to see clearly that fiction may be and often is as valuable a vehicle for truth as fact. Thus, as the value of the story of the Prodigal Son does not depend upon the question whether there ever were such a father and two such boys, so the value of the story of the Garden of Eden does not depend upon the question whether there ever was a tree the fruit of which would give knowledge of good and evil, or a talking serpent tempting a woman. The real value of the Book of Jonah has been almost wholly lost to most readers in the hot debate of the question whether a whale can swallow a man!

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With this general statement I proceed to my conversation with my correspondents, giving their questions, not in their own words, but in my own; both because substantially the same questions are sometimes given by different correspondents in different words, and because limitation of space compels condensation.

Question. Do you believe that Jesus Christ was born of a virgin? That with five small loaves and two small fishes Jesus Christ fed five thousand people? That after death the spirit of Jesus Christ returned to reanimate his physical body?

Answer. I purposely did not express any direct opinion on these questions because I wished my readers to understand that I do not regard them as religiously important. One may be an equally sincere and devoted disciple of Jesus Christ whatever answer he gives to these three questions. My own opinion is, however, at the service of my readers. I formerly believed in the Virgin Birth. I am now uncertain. My state of mind is neither belief nor disbelief, but doubt. I am unable to conceive the multiplication of five loaves and two fishes to such a quantity as would feed five thousand people. The various hypotheses which rationalistic critics have proposed are interesting but unconvincing. I think this incident had some historic basis, but what it was I do not know. What interests me in this incident is not the multiplication of the loaves, but the spirit of consideration and helpfulness which is manifested. I believe that the disciples had ocular evidence that Jesus Christ was still living. Whether this ocular evidence was given by an appearance to them of Christ in his spiritual body or by the reanimation of his physical body by his spirit I do not know, but I hold the latter opinion to be more probable.

Question. You say, "That the spirit has often returned to the body and reanimated it is the testimony of history and science." Might I ask where such testimony is to be found outside of the Word of God, and where any reputable historian or reputable medical man can be produced who will stand up to a statement like this?

Answer. Cases of apparent death followed by a revival from death have been frequent, not only in animal but in human history, and I agree with Professor Huxley that to say that these individuals were not dead is only begging the question by making the incapacity for the restoration to life part of the definition of death. So frequent have been such resuscitations that a book has been written giving account of many of them, and it has been very earnestly contended that special precautions ought always to be taken to prevent burying alive those thought to be dead. Practical methods are recommended by medical men for the recovery to life of those who have been drowned and who give even to expert observers no sign of vitality. I once personally witnessed such a resuscitation. We stood about the bedside of a dying mother. She ceased to breathe. The doctor leaned over her, put his hand on her heart, turned to us, and pronounced her dead. We kneeled in prayer about her bedside. When we rose from prayer, the doctor attached an electric wire to her body and applied the current. In a few moments breath began again. Before we left the room she was sitting up, and she lived in comparative health for two years thereafter. There is no violation of natural law involved in the belief that the spirit may leave the body and return to and reanimate it; and sleep, syncope, and other similar phenomena give support to this belief. Mr. John Bigelow has written a very interesting book in support of the theory that in sleep there is always such a separation of the spirit from the body, and that the spirit never sleeps.

Question. How can you say that if it could be proved that Jesus Christ did not rise from the dead, the proof would take no intelligent disciples from the Christian Church? It did not strike St. Paul, a very intelligent Christian, in that way. He writes in 1 Cor. xv. 14, "If Christ hath not been raised, then is our preaching vain, your faith also is vain."

Answer. The proof to Paul and his contemporaries that Jesus was the Messiah was furnished by his Resurrection. If he had not risen from the dead, they might have been fascinated by his teaching, but they would not have believed in his power and his authority. The evidence to us that he is the Messiah is furnished by what has been accomplished through his influence in nineteen hundred years of Christian progress. We have not to go back to find ground for our faith in a disputed historical event.

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Question. How can you say that Jesus Christ did not base his authority on his miracles when he says, "The works that I do in my Father's name, they bear witness of me" (John x. 25); and again, "If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not. But if I do, though ye believe not me, believe the works" (John x. 37, 38). (Compare Matthew xi. 2–6, and Luke vii. 19–23.)

Answer. Jesus never says, my signs, or my wonders, or my miracles bear witness of me, but my works; what he means by works is indicated by his saying, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father" (John xiv. 12). The works to which Jesus refers are his whole beneficent activity. The evidence of Christ's power to help and save mankind was the help which he brought to them while he lived; the evidence of the power of Christianity to help and save mankind is the help and the saving which it is bringing to mankind to-day. When Christ says, "Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached unto them," he places the works of healing and the preaching of the Gospel on the same plane; and it is true to-day that more poor hear the Gospel, more blind and lame and sick and deaf are healed and sent on their way rejoicing by the disciples of Christ than were so helped by Jesus of Nazareth in his lifetime. The evidence for Christianity is the work which Christianity is doing.

Question. How can you say that the Book of Jonah is on the face of it a satirical picture, when Jesus himself refers to it (Matthew xii. 39–41)?

Answer. The reference in verse 40 to Jonah as being three days and three nights in the fish's belly is given only by Matthew, not by Luke. There are two reasons why the modern critic does not regard this reference as evidence that the Book of Jonah is history. First, if Christ used these words, the use does not indicate that the book is historical, any more than the phrase in modern speech, "Ulysses sailed between Scylla and Charybdis," would indicate that the speaker believed the story of Ulysses to be historical. Second, the modern critic does not believe that Christ ever used these words. Mr. Moulton, in his "Bible for English Readers," has indicated the true place for this phrase in Matthew by putting it in his edition of that Gospel in a foot-note. It is not found in Luke's report, and it is not consistent with the teaching to which it is attached. Christ declares that the people shall have no other sign than that of the prophet Jonah. Does he mean no other sign than the Resurrection—that is, the greatest of all signs? No! What he means is, the people of Nineveh had no miracle, for there is nothing to indicate that they had ever heard of Jonah's strange adventure; they repented at the mere preaching of Jonah. And Christ says that his generation has had the preaching of one greater than Jonah.

Question. Did not Christianity begin with and rest upon the parable of the Prodigal Son and the impartation of Jesus' own spirit and vision to the disciples, rather than upon anything that happens after the Crucifixion?

Answer. In our judgment, No! It did not. Christianity is not merely the doctrine that God loves his children, and that his children should love one another. It is the doctrine that a Divine Messiah has come into the world, bringing into it a new secret of power, a new element of life, and that he is with his Church giving to its people now continuously by his presence a new element of power, a new secret of life. Christianity is more than a new theology. It is more than new ethics. It is a new life; and the secret of this life is the perpetual presence of a great Personality.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

LENTEN MEDITATIONS

LIVING WITNESSES

It was said of a distinguished man who lately died that it was impossible to recall his spirit, his nature, and his career without believing in immortality. There is perhaps no finer test of the nobility of a man's spirit and life than the quality and kind of comfort he bequeaths to his friends when he leaves them; for it is quite impossible for the average normally minded man or woman to be brought in contact with a really beautiful human life or a really noble being without feeling

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something immortal issuing from the life and inherent in the person. In a deep and true sense every man as he goes out of the world leaves behind him either hope and consolation or skepticism and questioning. There are those whose lives have such compass of interest, such uplift of tone, such power of radiating faith and hope, that it is impossible to think of them as ceasing to be. Their beauty must be preserved; their vitality must continue to bear fruit. It has been well said that faith in immortality is not a great bridge across an abyss; it is a row of stepping-stones into a river so veiled in mist that only one step can be seen and taken at a time. Every man by the manner of his life reinforces or dissipates that faith. Every man on the day when his friends bid him good-by inspires them with that faith or leaves them with questionings.

There is perhaps no greater service to be rendered to our fellows than the reinforcement of the belief in immortality. For whether a man lives after what we call death is not merely a matter of speculative interest; absorption in affairs, the pressure of routine work, may at times seem to put that great question in the background, but it always remains ready at any moment to become the question of questions. It is the supremely interesting question with which the mind has to deal. It has not been, and probably it never can be, settled by argument; aside from the light which streams from the empty grave in Jerusalem, there is no reinforcement of this great consummation of human hopes so convincing as a beautiful human career; for such a career breathes the air of immortality and is inexplicable without it. Lived under human conditions, it is evidently in intimate and manifold relations with another and a higher sphere of life. There are women so beautiful in nature and men so noble in character that they never seem other than visitors on the earth; passing this way, deeply interested in what they see, deeply attached to those they meet, deeply engaged with the things that come to their hands, and yet always, in their interests, their friendships, and their occupations, living according to the standards of another and a higher order of existence. The man of skeptical temper who declared that he never remembered his mother without believing in immortality put this form of evidence in the most direct and simple fashion. There are in many households those whose presence is a continual though unobtrusive assertion of immortality, at whom it is impossible to look without seeing beyond and above them a higher order of life, through whose daily and humble ministrations there runs a revelation of spirit and motive which is itself a disclosure of heaven.

It is not what we plan to do for our fellows that counts most, but what we are to them. It is not through our specific service, though great, that we help them most; it is through our personality; and there is no more beautiful helpfulness which one human being can render to another than to keep clear before him the hope of immortality, not as a vague and distant thing, but as something realized and incarnate, hour by hour, close at hand, and in the most intimate relations. And there is no surer way to grasp the great fact of the unbroken continuity of life, of the reality of the higher motives which play upon us from a higher sphere, than to so express life to others that we not only make the best things credible and real to them, but confirm and strengthen in ourselves the faith that inspires us. To become an evidence of immortality is first and foremost to have ourselves an unshaken faith in the life beyond.

THE SPECTATOR

In an auto trip along the Pacific coast last summer the Spectator discovered something he had never heard of before in the picture-making industry—perhaps he should say in religious art. Looking for some one to mend at once an exceptionally bad break in the steering gear of his car, he found in the young blacksmith of a hamlet-like foothill town a specialist in making pictorial charts for preachers of a sect whose gospel is the speedy second coming of Christ—charts demonstrating by simple sums in addition and subtraction that time must end by the beginning of the second decade of the twentieth century at the latest, with supplementary

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illustrations of things purporting to have been seen in the visions of the prophet Daniel and of St. John the Divine.

The ranchman who had dragged the broken-down car over a steep grade into the little town had advised the Spectator how to succeed in securing the immediate service of the blacksmith in case he was disposed to postpone attention to the car until "some of his critters with more heads than a centipede has legs" had been finished off. "He won't do nothin' for scoffers—not a blamed thing; so you must listen and not argyfy—and you must praise up those pictur's all you can. Lucky for you it isn't Saturday; you couldn't pay him enough to make him break the Sabbath day. We have a lot of 'em out here, you know, who keep Sunday on Saturday."

Now, if the Spectator had been looking for a model for the boy monk of Kingsley's "Hypatia," he had found his quest in the young blacksmith, who needed only a sheepskin on his shoulders, and to be almost bare of other clothing, and what an ideal Philammon he had been! The blue overalls were neat and trim—exceptionally so, considering the heat and the dust. He must have been in his early twenties; but he had an aged look in his thin, sharp face, his alert, restless, joyless eyes, and there was an unmistakable air of the aggressive—of making ready for battle. He was the typical zealot, knowing almost nothing of what to him was the "doomed world" beyond the range he had never crossed; but he confidently believed that he knew enough for the full understanding of his Bible. And what more did he need for skill and inspiration in making pictures of anything Daniel and John had seen in visions, untaught though he was in the first principles of art? If he could draw a portraiture of the terrible beast whose many heads "were full of eyes before and behind," one that anybody could see was just what John saw, was not that all that should be called for? He was not painting for money or fame, but for the saving of souls.

Yes, the Spectator might have a look at the pictures. "Know anything about your Bible?" The Spectator quailed under the searching survey. "If ye don't, they'll be like the handwriting on the wall of Belshazzar's palace to ye." A fair acquaintance with the Scriptures was admitted. "Then how is it that you are not a believer in the speedy second coming? There's no dodging that those periods of Daniel tell exactly the time of the end of the thousand three hundred and five and thirty days, when the end of the world will be." He had a life-sized Nebuchadnezzar's image to finish off that night for a tent-meeting. No, that could not be seen; for him to show unfinished work was never to finish it at all—it tapped his inspiration somehow.

Visiting artists' studios is a favorite pastime of the Spectator's, but never has he been in one like that—a composite of a wagon-making shop, a blacksmith's shop, and the studio of a painter of original (not copies, mind you) conceptions of what Daniel and John saw in vision. In one corner of the overfull little shack was the work-bench; upon one end the outfit of the painter, complete—pencils, crayons, paints—and a pile of finished pictures, decidedly impressionistic and best seen from a distance. The rear seats of camp-meeting tents had been duly considered in their creation, it was plain. "Jes' what my Bible describes, and nothin' more. I try to make it easy for the seekers after truth to see as plain as the disciples saw the miracles of Jesus. Now here"—and he held at arm's length a highly colored creation, at which the Spectator gazed in silence, utterly baffled in guessing what it could be—"here is the terrible locust of the fifth woe as he came flying up out of the bottomless pit. He's shaped like a horse, you see, prepared for battle." The saddle was Mexican in style. Chapter and verses describing the picture were given with emphatic distinctness; and so of all that followed, with the chronology of the subject. "That locust had the hair of a woman, as you oughter know, and teeth 'as the teeth of lions.'" The Spectator, forgetting his resolve to keep silent, asked the painter if he really believed that such a creature ever had an objective existence; was it not seen

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subjectively, if at all? His words were cut short. How dared he spiritualize into nonsense the Word of God? How dared he hide its plain meaning in a sound of big words? "What John says he *saw* I believe that he saw; what John *saw* with his own eyes and wrote about as plain as could be, I can make a picture of that anybody with eyes can see." To which the Spectator nodded acquiescence, and thereafter held his peace.

"Now this is the hardest I ever done; only for the help of the Lord I never could have done it. And you don't know who she is?" Then, in a higher key, as if addressing a multitude: "There she sits, the scarlet woman, on the scarlet beast, decked out in gold and precious stones, her name on her forehead, drunken with the blood of the saints." A most fearsome beast it was, unlike anything known to zoölogy, its horrible teeth dripping blood, an arm torn from "the saint" under its hoofs hanging from its jaws. The anatomical difficulties that must have been ignored in the drawing of that mutilated human form made the achievement remarkable. Yes, he "had done it."

Eleven large pictures there were in all, Nebuchadnezzar's life-size image when finished completing the series; and the combined effect upon the unlettered crowds of the camp-meetings must be something the Spectator was unhappy in considering. What a grotesque menagerie! The most terrible of all the monsters bore the name of Papal Rome, its face unmistakably that of Leo XIII. Bears, angels, lions, goats, the four horses of the Apocalypse with their riders, woes, and vials—a medley indeed the Spectator tried to forget in applying himself to hastening the speedy mending of his car. In vain he sought to buy one of the series—that of the pushing he-goat "from the west," the size of whose crumpled horn, "exceeding great," had made sorry havoc, he was told, among the stars, casting them down to the earth. But he could not buy it; he could not tempt its owner into supplying what he called "shot for scoffers," thereby convincing the Spectator that he had failed in making a favorable impression, and so had lost a valuable addition to a collection he is making.

Not until midnight was the wide mesa reached that must be crossed before entering Mission Valley, where the Franciscan Fathers, a century ago, built the Mission House now crumbling to decay. The Spectator had fallen into a drowse, when Taffy, the chauffeur, awoke him singing, as to himself, alone with the stars. Taffy had once been a choir-boy. Taffy had seen those pictures, had heard them described, and, naturally, when steering his car in the still solemn moonlight over the ideal road that once was a rough cañon trail which the barefooted padres must have found overlong at best, he had been thinking, thinking; and his ponderings were revealed in his low singing at last of the old Advent hymn, "Lo! He comes."

And then Taffy was asking hard questions—hard for the Spectator to answer. Yes, once all Christendom believed in the literal speedy second coming. That was in the yesterday of Christendom—the yesterday of the development of the faith; "and faith is a process." Many of the old Advent hymns belong to the yesterday of the process of faith's development. The wagon-maker is of those for whom they still voice a certain faith—the faith of the Church of yesterday. Did Taffy see that meteor—that falling star? Once a shower of meteors, notably that one of 1833, was believed to be a fulfillment of the prophecy that the stars should fall from heaven just before the end of all things; and great was the terror of believers in the literal interpretation of that prophecy, and the great majority of Christians accepted that interpretation. Now star-showers are confidently announced beforehand. November, 1909, saw the earth passing through the nucleus of the fragments of the same comet that had caused the downpour of meteors of 1833 and that of 1866, just as astronomers had predicted; and Christendom as such paid no attention to what ages ago would have terrorized the faithful. The roots of faith to-day are the roots of the faith of yesterday; the blade is not the budding ear, nor the full corn in the ear.

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THE MORROW OF THE BATTLE[1]

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE FROM ENGLAND

THE battle is over, the smoke has drifted away, and the result—is indecisive. In the preliminary skirmishes (in Parliament) which brought the two forces front to front on the election battlefield the issue seemed squarely joined: Shall the Budget be upheld and the action of the Lords be disapproved? But as the contest waxed, this frontal attack was met by a counter-attack in another part of the field, while flank movements, dashing charges at unexpected points, and ingenious stratagems extended the line of battle far from its central point. The Liberal army attacked in force the Lords and land monopoly; the Conservative generals replied with an assault on the citadel of Free Trade by the battalions of Tariff Reform.[2] At another point a Conservative force (aided by the guerilla Socialist chieftain Blatchford) advanced with the battle-cry, The Government is betraying us to Germany. Still elsewhere the Liberals, allying to themselves with a promise of Home Rule the little band of Irish Nationalists, threatened the enemy's flank. In many parts of the field fierce little combats raged about such questions as these: Will the Conservatives continue to pay old age pensions? In Germany, a protection country, do the people live on horse-flesh and black bread? Does the foreigner pay the tax? Are not dukes and other great landowners the best landlords?

As the issues were confused, so also was the result far from clean-cut. The Liberals have won, but such another victory might be a defeat. Several Englishmen, I believe, might meet, each one maintain that the election had a different meaning, and every one be right.

But to consider for a moment some of the outward aspects of the election as it progressed, before returning to the deeper significance of the result. Americans often ask, Is an English election very like an American election? To this I should reply: In its machinery somewhat different, but in the way it is carried on by politicians, press, and people quite the same, only more so.

The procedure in an English election is simple. When Parliament was prorogued on December 2, it was universally understood that an election would be held in January, and the campaign began with full vigor. But it was not until January 10 that the old Parliament was brought to an end and the election officially provided for. On that day the King, by proclamation, declared, in time-honored phrase:

> Whereas We have thought fit, by and with the advice of Our Privy Council, to dissolve this present Parliament: . . . We do, for that end, publish this Our Royal Proclamation, and do hereby dissolve the said Parliament accordingly: And the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and the Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses, and the Commissioners for Shires and Burghs, of the House of Commons, are discharged from their meeting and attendance. . . . And We being desirous and resolved, as soon as may be, to meet Our People, and to have their advice in Parliament, do hereby make known to all Our loving Subjects Our Royal Will and Pleasure to call a new Parliament: . . . And We do hereby also . . . require Writs forthwith to be issued . . . for causing the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons who are to serve in the said Parliament to be duly returned to, and give their attendance in, Our said Parliament on Tuesday, the fifteenth day of February next. . . .

Writs were accordingly issued and sent to the election officials in each district. Each official thereupon set a day for the reception of nominations. In the boroughs (the city and town constituencies) the nomination day must be either three or four days later; in the counties (the rural constituencies) from four to nine days later. Nominations were formally made by petition on the appointed day, and if only one candidate was named, he was thereupon declared elected—no balloting what-

[1] The last of a series of four articles on "England in Evolution," which began in The Outlook of January 29.—THE EDITORS.

[2] It must be remembered that in England tariff reform means the imposition of a protective tariff, while in America it means the lowering of a protective tariff already in force.

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ever being necessary. If two or more candidates were put up, another day was set for the polling, within three days in boroughs and six days in counties. The actual voting was by the Australian ballot system, and differed in no essential particular from the American method. The two distinguishing points are obviously the elimination of the voting where a seat is uncontested and the extension of the polling in the different constituencies over more than two weeks.

The first day for nomination was January 14, and then three members were declared elected. The first, it is interesting to note, was Joseph Chamberlain, the stricken leader of the tariff reform movement, bound to inaction by a paralytic stroke, and communicating with his followers only by letter and telegram. And here it may be said that apparently what the Conservative party needs more than anything else is a strong leader. Mr. Balfour is a delightful, cultured, keen-minded gentleman, skilled in logic and rhetoric, and a most adroit confounder of his opponents in the House of Commons. But he lacks the fire of enthusiasm, the intense power of belief, and the vigor of statement which go to make a great leader. It is probably not too much to say that if Joseph Chamberlain in health and strength had been at the head of the tariff reform forces, the result would have been quite different. At any rate, he was the first member of the new Parliament, in which he can never hope to sit.

The lengthening of the election period into weeks instead of a single day has two aspects. It permits those men who have more than one vote to cast them all if they will. The basis of the suffrage in England is not manhood (even qualified, as in some of our States, by educational or other requirements), but the possession—or the occupation—of property. As a matter of fact, the young man who lives at home and does not pay for his lodging is almost the only adult male who is disfranchised. But others are *en*franchised wherever they own property; a man may have two votes, or five or ten, or even forty. If the latter number, he probably does not cast them all; but that is his affair, the privilege is no less his. The system is one with which the American mind can have little sympathy; and in England the Liberal party is contending, though not strenuously, for the adoption of the principle of One man, one vote. But until that reform is adopted, the election period will probably not be compressed.

That extension has another bearing. The result of the polling on the first few days, especially if it be decisive for either side, almost inevitably exerts some influence on the voting of the later days. There are always some who consciously want to be on the winning side, and doubtless others who are unconsciously influenced by the swing of the pendulum one way or the other. On the first day of the election, Saturday, January 15, polling took place in sixty-six constituencies, represented by seventy-four members. Twelve were in London and nine in the Manchester district, both crucial points. London is normally Conservative, but at the last election the Liberals gained many seats there from their opponents, and now the Conservatives hoped to return many of those constituencies to their rightful allegiance. Manchester and surrounding Lancashire form the citadel of free trade and Liberalism, and if the Conservatives could gain these, it would not only be a bright omen for the tariff reform cause, but it would unquestionably have a strong influence on the polling in other districts.

So much for procedure. On the question of manner, I have many times been asked by Englishmen, "I suppose our elections are very mild compared to yours in America?" And each time I have felt constrained to declare, divesting myself the while of as much prejudice as possible: "Not at all. In fact, I do not believe we take ours nearly so seriously." For a month or more England thinks, talks, lives, nothing but politics. Not only the man in the street, but men and women, even young men and maidens, at dinner tables, at tea, at the theater, discuss political problems with conviction and fire. The bus-driver, if you are fortunate enough, as I am, to hate the motors and let half a dozen pass by for a horse-drawn one, will lay down the law for you under five heads and nine sub-heads. The most common phrases that you catch as you walk down

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the Strand are: "The House of Lords—," "Unemployment—," "Tariff reform—," "The Socialists—," "The German navy—."

Day after day the newspapers not only subordinate everything else to political news, but publish hardly any other news whatever. Their partisanship is fierce and uncompromising; not only editors but reporters and news writers write as if they dipped their pens in ink of the Tory red or the Liberal blue. (The only trouble with this figure is that the colors which paint the party standards are different in different constituencies, here red and blue, there blue and red.) There are certain fine, time-honored traditions of the spirit and manner in which political contests should be carried on; but as the campaign waxes hot and strenuous those traditions seems to be considered only as something which your opponent ought to observe. A candidate, or a leader, or an editor, will say almost anything he pleases about the other side, but if the other side retorts in kind or tries something of the sort "on their own," he holds up his hands in pious horror and declares: "This is not British fair play! This is not the way in which we Englishmen conduct an election!"

Again, one is moved to think that the much ridiculed, sometimes defended, but frequently obtruded British lack of humor is responsible for many curious anomalies in English life. (May I be permitted to digress to record my observation that the British literary man has often the finest flower of humor that the world knows—witness Barrie, Chesterton, Lucas, and "Punch" at its best. Also that the rough-and-ready humor of the lower classes is spontaneous and infectious—witness my bus-driver, who, on a wet, slippery day, as we passed the man who was spreading a scanty layer of gravel on the wooden pavement, leaned over and called out cheerily, "I s'y, it ayn't gaold dust, ye knaow!" But the middle strata have little of the sense of the incongruous, and conceive humor, if they conceive it at all, not as a handy device for every-day use, but as a plaything to be soberly enjoyed at special moments and under prescribed conditions.)

But to return to personalities. The two bright blades of the Liberal party—Lloyd-George and Winston Churchill—made no pretense of avoiding more forcible than polite characterizations of their opponents. Indeed, one of the Chancellor's first speeches, in the Limehouse district of London, added a new word to the political vocabulary—Limehousing, a term which inspired the Tory heart with horror. And not seldom their opponents, their hands held aloft in righteous consternation, lowered one of them long enough to emphasize an equally unparliamentary fling at these two "shameless demagogues."

The seriousness with which the Briton, man, woman, and child, takes his election was notably apparent every evening when the results of the polling were being announced. There were no crowds to compare in density and extent with the throng that surges through the New York streets on an election night. But with a dozen or more such nights instead of one, there must be some dispersion of interest. There is, however, a more significant difference. The New York crowd is out for a lark—the election news forms a good pretext. Election night is almost a carnival night, and its joyousness and frivolity sometimes degenerate into horse-play and roughness. But the London crowd is out for business. It has a keen and real interest in the news which is reported on stereopticon screens and electric-lighted signboards, and pursues this serious purpose with no turning aside for jests or pranks. Night after night Trafalgar Square beneath my window was filled with a patient, quiet throng, at intervals roaring its mingled approval and disgust as the figures on the screen reported a Liberal or a Conservative victory. Between announcements little groups here and there sung or shouted, in more or less orderly chorus, their party slogans or compliments to the other side. All down the Strand and Fleet Street similar crowds, equally intense and orderly, watched the reports wherever a newspaper office was located, and all over London the same scenes were gravely enacted night after night. One evening I found myself one of a little group in such a crowd. Two women with shawls over their heads watched with nervous eagerness the flashing figures, and responded with modest

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appreciation to the slim jests which I poked at the party which they obviously did not favor. A man, evidently the husband of one of them, supplied at each announcement weighty (if not always accurate) comments on the figures, announcing a little importantly just what that constituency had done at the last election. Two small boys, their faces gleaming white down in the region of our waistbands, watched no less intently, and at each bit of news gave voice like trained *claqueurs* to solemn "hurrahs" or no less solemn "boos." Several times I smiled down at their enthusiasm, but it was too serious a matter for them, and their riveted gaze seemed to stamp my levity as a little profane.

Questions prominent in my mind when I went to England were: How about the Suffragettes? Is the cause of woman suffrage gaining ground? What influence will their activities have upon the course of the election? The answer to the last seemed to me to be, None whatever; to the second, I do not know, but I think so; to the first, They are fundamentally wrong, and are doing their cause only harm. Every day I found at the corner of the Strand where it enters (or leaves) Trafalgar Square a woman—not always the same, but always quiet and respectable-looking—dressed in purple and green, selling or trying to sell copies of a periodical called "Votes for Women." Occasionally a motor car dashed through the streets, beside the chauffeur a young woman blowing cheery blasts on a bugle, and behind, a placard announcing a Suffrage meeting for that evening. Once or twice a little procession of women wearing sandwich-boards, with the mottoes and catch-words of their cause upon them, wandered sedately along the thoroughfares. But there was little else to recall the suffrage question to mind. On the rising waves of the political sea there was scarcely a ripple which could be credited to the Suffragettes. The press ignored them, and most men (and women too) declared that the country was too much absorbed in the important questions of the election to bother its head about them.

It is true that at a meeting addressed by Mr. Lloyd-George I saw six men, one after the other, literally hurled from the building, not by officials or police, but by their neighbors, because they rose and quietly and seriously asked some question about the Chancellor's attitude toward women and the vote. One of the men with excellent aim hurled a feeding-tube (of the kind with which recalcitrant Suffragettes have been forcibly fed in prison) at the speaker, but with a quiet smile Mr. Lloyd-George caught it and handed it to a man sitting near him. The interrupters were handled with no ceremony whatever, and I cannot imagine that any one of them reached the outer air without serious bodily inconvenience, not to say injury. Meanwhile the crowd laughed, the speaker patiently waited the restoration of order, and the incident seemed to make no lasting impression. At another meeting, where the Premier spoke, a young woman, disguised in a man's long overcoat and a cap set upon severely arranged hair, rose and began in a small, timid voice a similar question. She, too, was led out, but with entire gentleness and respect; and again the audience laughed and the speaker ignored the interruption. And every one that I told of the incidents (except perhaps a suffrage advocate or two) also laughed.

In my desultory inquiries into the suffrage question I found several classes of people. First, there were those who tended to dismiss the whole subject with a shrug; they of course did not believe in the suffrage for women and were convinced that the more important issues of the election had entirely submerged any lingering popular interest in the activities of the Suffragettes. Next were those who believed that women should have the suffrage, but who felt very strongly that the militant methods of the Suffragettes had done only harm to the real cause. Third were the Suffragettes themselves, some of them estimable and pleasant people, but on this one subject zealots to the point of fanaticism. I do not think that I happened to meet any one who was an opponent of the suffrage to the extent of doing anything active to oppose the propaganda.

The point upon which the Suffragettes inveighed most bitterly was the treatment which had been given to those of their

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number who had been in prison. Three hundred and fifty women, I was informed, had already been in jail, and there they had been treated, not as political prisoners, but as common offenders against the law. Against this classification many of them had rebelled by the "hunger strike," which consisted merely in declining to eat. Thereupon they had been forcibly fed by the prison authorities, by means, in most cases, of a feeding-tube introduced through the nostril. The stories which were told of the sufferings of some of these women in prison were certainly appalling, but, as I reminded my Suffragette informant (with as little effect as if I had declaimed the alphabet at her), the Government could not permit these women to commit suicide by starvation and could not release them without giving up its entire case. I must confess, at this safe distance, that it seems to me that the Government has been greatly lacking in tact and discernment, and that a wiser administration of affairs would have prevented many of these women from becoming martyrs, as they have, in their own eyes and those of many others. On the other hand, it is even more self-evident that a more highly developed sense of the ridiculous would have preserved the Suffragettes from many of the things which they have done, and to the greater furtherance of their cause. A Suffragette whom I met at luncheon at the house of a friend, and who burned with a fine indignation at the indignity and disgrace suffered by women in being deprived of the suffrage, told me with the utmost seriousness the story of one young woman. She was a girl of fine character, delicate sensibilities, and culture. After a time she became aroused, and felt that, since these other women were suffering such ordeals so bravely, she must do something herself for the cause. She tried to make a disturbance of some sort at a meeting, but the police wisely declined to arrest her, and merely sent her home. Thereupon she felt, said my informant, "that she must throw her stone." She selected the post-office as her point of attack, waited until an hour when few were at work within it, chose a window in a remote corner, in order that no one might possibly be injured by her stone. Through this window, solemnly and devotedly, she cast her missile. The damage was trivial, but, unfortunately for himself, the postmaster discovered her in the act, and had no alternative but to deliver her to the police. Of course in her mind her act was symbolic, but in the mind of an unprejudiced observer, if you will admit that there can be one without prejudice on this subject, it was very close to the ludicrous.

At the headquarters of the suffrage movement in Clements Inn I received what struck me as a very illuminating side-light on the movement. My request for information of a young woman, dressed becomingly though a shade too æsthetically, in a linen gown embroidered in purple and green, brought upon me a deluge of pamphlets, which I was assured contained all that I needed. Conversation then proceeded as follows:

Inquiring Mind. Do you want the suffrage because it is an eternal and inalienable right of which woman is wrongfully deprived, or because if you had it you could improve the present conditions under which women live and work in England?

Suffragette. Why, for both reasons.

Inquiring Mind. But which do you emphasize in talking to women whom you wish to convert to your cause?

Suffragette. We use whichever one seems most applicable in a given case.

Inquiring Mind. And which of them do you find to be the most efficacious and to meet with a more ready and favorable response from the women you talk to?

Suffragette. Why, I don't think that we find any difference between them.

Inquiring Mind. Can you give me some information, either in the form of printed matter or otherwise, as to the unsatisfactory and unfavorable conditions under which women work and live which you would expect the suffrage to correct?

Suffragette (hesitating a little). Well, I am afraid that we have nothing on that subject here, but I think I can find out where you can get some such information. (The Suffragette goes to the telephone and, on inquiry, finds that the Inquiring Mind can get what he wants from the Woman's Industrial Council.)

The point which struck me with great force in this interview was that this champion of woman in the very head-

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quarters of the militant suffrage movement apparently cared nothing at all for the real wrongs under which women were at that moment suffering, but cared a great deal for what she felt to be the stigma of inequality imposed by her exclusion from the suffrage.

I have said already that the result of the election was not clean-cut, that it was, in a measure at least, indecisive. This is true in a way that is not possible in the United States. A Parliamentary general election is the one process for ascertaining the party allegiance of the country at any particular moment. Such an election determines the hands in which not only the legislative power shall reside, but the executive power as well. It contains, therefore, the elements of a Congressional election and a Presidential election united in one. In importance and general interest it is far more comparable to the latter than to the former. But in the election of an American President the result is definite and unmistakable. One of two men is elected, the other returns to private life. The meaning of the answer which the American people give to the question propounded at the election is undebatable. They say: We want a Republican for President; or, We want a Democrat; We choose Cleveland; or, We prefer Roosevelt.

But in a Parliamentary election the answer is complex. Not only the fact that one party has a majority in the House of Commons, but the size of the majority and even its composition, are factors which cannot be ignored.

When the new Parliament meets on February 15, the Liberal Premier will have 274 members of his party behind him; Mr. Balfour, the leader of the Conservative or Unionist party, will be supported by 273 members. The Independent Labor party will have 41 votes, and the Irish Nationalists 82 votes. The Government majority over the Conservatives will therefore be only one vote; but to this must be added the 41 Labor votes, for the two parties fought the election as allies, avoiding as far as possible three-cornered contests. Mr. Asquith must depend upon the Labor members, but it is not a dependence forced upon him by the result of the election, but a partnership entered into in the last Parliament for the defense of the Budget and the defiance of the Lords, and continued by mutual agreement. During the campaign the two parties were often combined in a single designation—by their friends as Progressives, by their foes as Socialists. The Liberal-Labor, or Progressive, or pro-Budget anti-Lords majority is therefore 42.

The Nationalists are always a little band of irreconcilables, seeing but one end, fighting for but one cause. They count as allies none but those who support their demand for Home Rule; their hand is against every man who opposes or ignores their cause. But the Premier has promt ised them Home Rule, and the Governmencan accordingly depend on the 82 Nationalist votes (less a dozen recalcitrant ones who follow William O'Brien and do not seem to believe in the Liberal pledges). So the Liberal grand majority, which will doubtless be available in re-enacting the Budget and attempting to curtail the powers of the House of Lords, counts up 124 votes. This is quite a descent from the stupendous majority of 334 in the last Parliament, and the difference is especially significant when we remember that the Liberals alone outnumbered the Conservatives by 197, while now they overtop them by the tiny majority of one. This remarkable loss by the Liberals is due partly to the fact that at the last previous election there was an unprecedented landslide, and as a result the Liberal majority was out of all proportion. But the loss is also in great measure due to the rapidly growing popularity of tariff reform.

Interpreting the outcome of the election in terms of what the Liberal party will be able to accomplish is too much like prophesying, and it is proverbially unsafe to prophesy "unless you know." But, eliminating for a moment the Nationalists, who form a nearly constant quantity at election time, if they are decidedly inconstant between elections, I think we may imagine the answers which the people have given to the questions propounded by the two parties. What each party in an English election seeks is to be returned to power with a "mandate" for the enactment of certain legislation. The "Punch" cartoon which is reproduced on the opposite page seems to me admirably

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THE MANDATE.

LIBERAL CHAMPION. "I ASKED FOR A CHARGER, AND THEY GIVE ME THIS!"

"PUNCH'S" CONCEPTION OF MR. ASQUITH'S PREDICAMENT

to characterize the situation of the Liberal party in relation to its "mandate." Mr. Asquith and his comrades have indeed been given a majority, a small and willing steed, but it must be ridden with caution and skill if its strength is not to be soon exhausted.

But to return to the people's answers to the rivals:

To the Conservatives: We are bending toward tariff reform, but we are not quite ready for it. Wait awhile.

We want a strong navy; but we don't believe our navy is quite so weak as you say, or that Germany's mouth is watering for us.

To the Progressives (Liberals and Laborites): You may have your Budget,

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and may check the arrogance of the Lords; but walk a little softly, and wield a little carefully the slender wand which we give you in place of the big stick which you have carried for four years.

We want our navy strong, but we still trust your pledges that you will keep it so.

Mr. Price Collier, in his recent book "England and the English" (a book, by the way, which I found many Englishmen to admire and none to criticise or resent), has elaborated the dictum that England is the land of compromise. The outcome of this election seems to me amply to justify that judgment. The policies of the two parties were on two points diametrically opposed; the Conservatives demanded an unequivocal mandate for tariff reform, the Liberals an equally strong mandate for land taxation and reform of the House of Lords. The electorate compromised by continuing the *status quo ante* dissolution, but with tremendously reduced power to the Government. England, another student said the other day, "works out her problems." In other words, she advances by evolution, not by revolution.

The next question which suggests itself as we look at "Punch's" delineation of Mr. Asquith and his majority is: What will he do with it? Here again we border on prophecy, but this time we almost know—at least what he will try to do.

First the Budget, for the State must have money, and the only escape from financial chaos lies in a quickly enacted Finance Bill. And there seems no reason to suppose that the Cabinet will consent to alter the Budget's provisions, for to do so would be to surrender the very principles on which the victory has been—not easily—won.

Next, according to his pronouncements during the campaign, to deal with the House of Lords. This means, says the Premier, not only to establish beyond shadow of question the exclusive right of the Commons to control financial legislation, but to limit by definite bounds the right of the Lords to veto legislation upon which the popular majority in the House of Commons is unquestionably determined. He would make the will of the people, as expressed by the Commons, effective in legislation "within the limits of a single Parliament." Just what this would mean in practice, and just how he would hope to bring it about, Mr. Asquith has not tried to explain. He will doubtless elaborate his plan in his own good time. And just what the effect would be, and whether good or bad, is also a matter for debate. It is contended that Mr. Asquith's proposal would result in practical single-chamber legislation, a system which the nations are unanimous in considering unwise. But it is asserted with some force, on the other side, that single-chamber government is exactly what England has when the Conservatives are in power. The House of Lords is overwhelmingly Conservative, and seldom if ever tampers with the legislation of a Conservative Cabinet.

An incident related by Lady Stanley in the autobiography of Henry M. Stanley well typifies the function which a second chamber like the House of Lords ought to perform:

> John Bright frequently called on us on his way to the House of Commons. He seldom would take tea, preferring to pocket two or three lumps of sugar. One day, however, I handed him a very hot cup of tea; we were discussing the House of Lords, and I asked him, "Now, Mr. Bright, what do we want with a House of Lords?" He made no reply, but carefully poured the hot tea into his saucer to cool it. Impetuously I repeated my question, whereupon the great Liberal statesman, smiling, gently tapped his finger on the saucer, and said, "This is the House of Lords."

The problem which confronts English statesmen is to reconstruct the House of Lords and its procedure so that it will cool measures born in the heat of conflict in the lower house without chilling into inanimation every measure fathered by a Liberal Ministry. The conviction is widespread in England, even among the Tories, that the hereditary chamber needs something, but just what it needs is a bone of strenuous contention.

If Mr. Asquith succeeds in putting his little steed over these two barriers, the third which will inevitably confront him will be Home Rule. Here prophecy stands dismayed. Who lives will see; more it would be foolhardy to say.

The Budget began it, let the Budget end it. In these papers I have devoted

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more space to the Budget than to any other subject because, as I have intimated, I believe it deals with serious problems of English political and social economy, and because those problems have a parallel in America. Both countries are suffering from great aggregations of wealth, whose danger lies not in the mere fact that they are great aggregations of wealth, but in the power which their possession carries with it. In America those accumulations take the form of great corporations; in England, of great landed estates. Both tend to monopoly—the one of production and distribution, of commerce and industry, the other of the nation's natural resources. Each tends to concentrate wealth and power in the hands of the few, to the detriment of the interests of the many. The one is the growth of centuries, having its source in the days of feudalism. The other is the fruit of modern economic and political conditions, and tends to develop a new feudalism.

The solution of our own problem, by which we shall retain the advantages of combination without the disadvantages of monopoly, we have been and are seeking under the preceding and the present Administration. Mr. Lloyd-George, in the land taxes and valuation proposals of his Budget, has made a tentative beginning in the solution of England's problems.

In both countries an economic autocracy has arisen, closely related to a political autocracy, each of which helps to sustain and uphold the other. In both countries the remedy lies in more democracy. It is applied in the United States through Government regulation and control of the great combinations of wealth, so as to protect and preserve the rights of all the people; in England by taxation of the great landed estates so that the whole people may share in the profits which the few have been enabled to accumulate, without much effort on their own part, from the common store. Even the arguments which are advanced against the proposed measures of reform are essentially the same on both sides of the ocean. "Vested rights and interests," "discrimination against a special kind of property," "disturbance of business," "destruction of confidence," "driving capital out of the country," are some of the cries which I heard directed against the Lloyd-George proposals, and which it is very easy to parallel in our own country. But when I heard the time-honored and threadbare charge directed against one item in the Budget that it would rob the "widows and orphans," who apparently in England as in America own the overwhelming majority of the stocks and bonds of the country, the circle was complete—I was at home again.

There is, however, a closer parallel to be drawn between the Lloyd-George proposals and one policy of the Progressive movement in America. The land taxes in the Budget and our own movement for the conservation of natural resources have their foundation on the same principle. It is the principle to which I have already referred, that since the only natural right to property is the right of every man to the product of his own labor, natural wealth belongs of right to the whole people. What a man makes by his hand or his brain, or through any other expression of his personality, is his, to have and to hold and to enjoy against all the world. What God has made and given to man—land, water, forests, streams, minerals—belongs to all men. The only right which an individual may have to any of these things is an artificial one, derived from some arrangement made by society, that is by all men, who are the real owners.

This principle we are coming to recognize in the Conservation movement. The Government, that is, society, that is, all men in the United States acting together, still owns vast natural resources—a third of a billion acres of land, including stores of coal and other minerals, forests and water powers. Till now the real owners of this wealth have given it freely to all comers, in order that the country and its resources may be rapidly developed. Now the owners—you and I and the rest of the ninety million people—are stopping to consider and saying or preparing to say: "We will not give away our resources any more. We will let individuals develop them, and make fair and generous profits from their development, but they must pay us, the real owners, for the privilege, and the ownership must still rest in us."

England no longer, practically speaking,

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has any natural resources which nominally belong to the whole people. The land, forests, mines, water powers, have passed into private ownership. To those private owners the Chancellor of the Exchequer says, "A large part of the profits which you make from your land is the result of nothing which you have done, but comes from the common store of wealth which naturally and justly belongs to the whole people. Therefore in the future you must give back to the people—through the Government—a small part of those profits." The proposals in England are much less thorough and drastic than in the United States, for there they *are* dealing with vested interests, and with conditions hallowed by the passage of centuries; and even Mr. Lloyd-George, demagogue as his enemies believe him, recognizes the force of existing rights, on however unequitable a basis they have been built up.

In both countries the Progressive movement is called by its opponents by the horrid epithet of Socialism. But just as in America Government regulation is in reality quite a different thing from Government ownership, so in England the nationalization of land, the germs of which the Conservatives see concealed in the Lloyd-George Budget, is far removed in principle from the nationalization of the tools of production. National ownership of land and national ownership of the means of production are based upon two diametrically opposed principles. If the latter is Socialism, the former is not.

The Progressive movement in England has won a small victory. I believe that victory is the thin end of a wedge which, slowly and by painful degrees perhaps, will force open the vise-like grip of an ancient and stifling monopoly.

HAROLD J. HOWLAND.

THE SPIRIT OF THE GIRL STRIKERS

BY MIRIAM FINN SCOTT

THE "Grand American Palace" was packed with a strangely unaccustomed crowd. Every night "Professor" Somebody's orchestra (the "professor" and two pasty-faced helpers) dispensed music from the little platform in the corner, and some scores of workworn immigrant boys and girls, at so much per head, struggled and giggled through the waltz and the two-step. But now, instead of these weary revelers, from gaudy wall to gaudy wall were jammed girls with determined, workaday faces. Strikers they were—a group of shirt-waist makers, whose strike in New York has been the biggest and most bitter strike of women in the history of American labor troubles.

And the faces of this group were fixed on the "Professor's" stage, and on that stage stood a slight, pale girl of perhaps nineteen, her dark eyes flashing. "Girls, from the bottom of my heart," she cried, "I beg you not to go back to work. We are all poor, many of us are suffering hunger, none of us can afford to lose a day's wages. But only by fighting for our rights, and fighting all together, can we better our miseries; and so let us fight for them to the end!"

The strikers applauded long, and in scores of other East Side dance-halls at the time when the strike was at its height and forty thousand girls were out, just so at this same hour were other speakers applauded by other groups; and by meetings such as this was the spirit kept in the girls for their remarkable fight. When the girl left the platform, I edged my way to her and asked her for her story. She had come from Russia, she told me—come with her parents, who had found life in the land of the Czar no longer endurable.

"Close your eyes and point to any girl in this hall," said the little shirt-waist maker, "and my story will be her story. We are all the same. Why do we strike? I will tell you where we work, how we work; from that perhaps you will understand. My shop is a long and narrow loft on the fifth floor of the building, with the

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ceiling almost on our heads. In it one hundred electric-power machines are so closely packed together that, unless I am always on the lookout, my clothes or hair or hand is likely to catch in one of the whizzing machines. In the shop it is always night. The windows are only on the narrow ends of the room, so even the few girls who sit near them sew by gas-light most of the time, for the panes are so dirty the weak daylight hardly goes through them. The shop is swept only once a week; the air is so close that sometimes you can hardly breathe. In this place I work from eight to six o'clock six days in the week in the ordinary season; and in the busy season, when we are compelled to work nights and Sundays, I put in what equals eight work-days in the week. Thirty minutes is allowed for lunch, which I must eat in the dressing-room four flights above the shop, on the ninth floor. These stairs I must always climb; the elevator, the boss says, is not for the shop-girls.

"I began as a shirt-waist maker in this shop five years ago. For the first three weeks I got nothing, though I had already worked on a machine in Russia. Then the boss paid me three dollars a week. Now, after five years' experience, and I am considered a good worker, I am paid nine. But I never get the nine dollars. There are always 'charges' against me. If I laugh, or cry, or speak to a girl during work hours, I am fined ten cents for each 'crime.' Five cents is taken from my pay every week to pay for benzine which is used to clean waists that have been soiled in the making; and even if I have not soiled a waist in a year, I must pay the five cents just the same. If I lose a little piece of lining, that possibly is worth two cents, I am charged ten cents for the goods and five cents for losing it. If I am one minute late, I am fined one cent, though I get only fifteen cents an hour; and if I am five minutes late, I lose half a day's pay. Each of these things seems small, I know, but when you only earn ninety dimes a week, and are fined for this and fined for that, why, a lot of them are missing when pay day comes, and you know what it means when your money is the only regular money that comes in a family of eight."

She told me other grievances, many of them. And as I went from meeting to meeting talking to the girls, as I walked with them on picket duty, I found that she had spoken truly when she said, "My story is their story."

An olive-skinned Italian beauty of eighteen said to me: "If only I speak the English good, I go and tell everybody what awful place is our shop. Just like a prison, the doors always locked. When we are very, very sick sometime, we never can go home; always the bosses scream, say bad words to us. When we no got work we must sit, sit in the shop all day, and wait, and sometime we have just thirty-five cents at the end of the week. Oh, so bad! so bad!"

The "fining" system just referred to is not the only method by which, the girls claim, their meager wages are subtracted from. "There ain't nothing too low for my boss to do to make a few cents' extra profit," said another girl. "He ain't ashamed to do plain stealing from us girls. In our shop we have no books to mark down our work—just little slips of paper, checks, are given us when we turn in a bundle of work. For these slips we are given money at the end of the week. The boss has these slips made small purposely, so they'll be easier to lose. One week I lost two of these tiny pieces of paper, and I could not get one cent for the work I had done. It was half my week's wages. Every day some of us lose these tickets. But our loss is the boss's gain, so he won't change the system."

There is one very simple explanation for the wretched conditions under which the girls have worked—they have been very easy to exploit. Ninety per cent of the workers are Russian and Italian girls between eighteen and twenty-five. These girls enter the shop almost immediately after landing in America. They come from great poverty and oppression, where they were compelled to accept conditions without complaint. And so, accustomed to fear and obey, these girls have for years suffered their grievances here, and kept silent.

Now and then in the past there have been attempts made by the workers to fight the conditions, but the individual

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uprisings had no effect. The spirit of discontent among the workers grew, and continued to grow deeper and wider; it set the girls thinking, and finally they realized that the only possible remedy for these conditions was for all of them to stand together and make common demands—to organize a strong union and gain recognition for it.

Everywhere was ferment. The girls were ripe for the strike, as was shown by the quickness and unanimity with which the girls responded to the call for the strike. But, even so, among the girls were leaders each of whom roused and led her own group of less militant comrades. Among these was Eva Goldstein, and this is her story of how she "called down" her shop:

"I knew our girls were dissatisfied, I knew other shops were already on strike, I knew it only needed some one to talk to the girls a little and they would join the strikers. So I began to talk to the girls whenever I got the chance. I went to their houses in the evening; I met them early in the morning. At first some girls would not listen to me; they were afraid to lose their 'grand job.' But at last we all agreed. Tuesday morning we came to work as usual, but after we were thirty minutes at our machines I got up and called to them:

"'Girls, other waist-makers are on strike! Will you join them?'

"Every girl got up from her machine. As we were all starting for the door the boss rushed in and began to shout, 'Sit down; sit down, girls.' But not one of us took her seat. The boss came over to me; he was very mad. 'I know you are the trouble-maker,' he said. 'Tell the girls to sit down; tell me what you want. Here is an agreement,' and he drew out a sheet of paper and a pencil from his pocket. 'I will sign this agreement. I'll give you a raise. If you sign that, too, you and the girls won't have to strike in this shop.'

"I just smiled at him, for I knew it wasn't a real agreement, but just a trick, a fake, and I said, 'Mr. ——, if you are willing to settle, you must go to the union headquarters to sign the agreement. I have no right to sign.' Then I just said. 'Girls, are you coming?' and we all walked out and left him there alone."

Scores of shops have gone out with no demands except the recognition of the union, for in some shops the conditions are far superior to the average. Hundreds and hundreds of girls who are striking left their work in pure sympathy, with no personal grievances whatever. "Just because I am better treated than the other girls, that's more reason why I should be on strike," argued Annie Silver. "This is not just a strike for self. Only by all standing together can we get better conditions for all."

Annie is the swiftest sample-trimmer of the Blank Waist Company. She works at a fixed salary of $15 a week. In three years Annie missed only one day's work, and there were three good reasons for such faithfulness to her job—a blind mother and two little sisters. After the first week on strike Annie went back to the shop to get wages still due her. The boss, knowing her circumstances, tempted her to return to work by offering her a raise of $5 a week, but to that Annie promptly replied: "Mr. Baum, you cannot buy my conscience for money!"

It is ten long, bitter weeks since Annie went out; she has been picketing, speaking, organizing every day since. During all these weeks she never had more than two meals a day, often only one; lately, days pass practically without her tasting food. But the blind mother and the two little ones still have their food and roof, and do not know of Annie's sacrifices.

But to appreciate what sufferings these girls are undergoing for the sake of better conditions in the future, one must know a little of how they live in times when there is no strike. Some of the girls earn but $3 or $4 a week; a few exceptionally clever girls, working in exceptionally well run shops, earn as high as $20 and $25. The story circulated by the bosses that some of the girls get $35 and $40 a week is false, and the evidence by which they seek to substantiate the story amounts to a mere trick of bookkeeping. The average wages for the forty thousand workers is $9, and this is not for fifty-two weeks in the year, but only for the busy season, a period of about three months. During six months of the year the average is

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from $3 to $5 a week, and during the remaining three months the girls are practically idle. So the average wage is in reality only about $5 a week, and on this amount the girls must feed, clothe, and house themselves. How do they manage to exist in New York, where the cost of living is so high?

This is how. Most of the strikers board with a "missus" who lives in a miserable four-room flat in an East Side tenement. Besides the missus, her husband, and numerous children, the flat is shared by two or three boarders. The charge is $3 a week. This entitles the boarder to a cot in the sitting-room, a breakfast of coffee and bread without butter, and a supper of cheap meat, bread, and tea. The boarder must provide her own lunch, usually at a cost of from three to six cents. She does her own laundry of nights, makes some of her clothes on Sundays, and does without necessaries most of the time. Such is her life in the fat times of peace.

The period of any strike is always a time of suffering and sacrifice for the workers—for at his greatest prosperity the worker's hand barely reaches his mouth; but this strike of girls has been distinguished by the added suffering, yes, and disgrace, inflicted by the brutality of the police, by the brutality of thugs hired by the bosses and protected by the police, and by the shameless brutality of the police court magistrates. So flagrant has been the harshness of the magistrates that great numbers of prominent New York men and women, people who usually take no interest in labor struggles, have risen in protest—and this very harshness and brutality, whose seeming purpose was to browbeat the girls into submission, has served to gain for them a wider sympathy, and is materially aiding them in winning their long fight.

Almost every shirt-waist maker who has taken an active part in the strike—and few indeed there are who have not—has some terrible experience to tell of her contact with the representatives of the law. Fannie Goldmark has deep-set, sorrowful eyes, yet she was calm and often smiled as she told me her story. She was born at Kishineff, and lost every member of her immediate family in the great massacre. She had heard of America as the land of liberty and justice, and in fear and hope she fled from Kishineff. Arrived in New York, she at once entered a shop and learned shirt-waist making. In Russia she had been a student, and had gone about among the Russian workmen trying to spread the lesson of organization. So, when the strike broke out, she was among the first to enlist. She was very successful as a speaker, as an organizer, and particularly as a picket. While picketing she was arrested three times. The first two charges against her were for "disturbing the peace," when in fact she was quietly, and legally, walking up and down in front of her shop. Each of these two times she was fined five dollars. The third time she was arrested she was dragged to the station-house like a disorderly woman, on the charge of assaulting a six-foot policeman. As a matter of fact, the policeman tripped her, and she fell off the sidewalk near the place where the policeman stood. She was thrown into a cell and for ten hours she was absolutely refused permission to communicate with the union about her arrest unless she paid fifty cents for the telephone message, which amount she did not possess. At the trial she was severely reprimanded by the magistrate and warned that the next time "her foot entered the court-room she would land in the workhouse."

It was nearly midnight when Fannie, dizzy with weariness, hunger, and cold, reached the flat of her "missus." But her key no longer fitted the door. In the very dim light she saw her few belongings stacked up in the hallway. She had been dispossessed and had a home no more.

She went back into the night. Finally she found a sleeping-place with a friend who lives with her parents. And now, despite it all, she is still picketing, morning, noon, and night.

An example of what may be the dangers of picketing, and an example also of the relations that have existed in many cases between employer and police, is in the story of Minnie Sussman. When Minnie's shop went on strike, Minnie informed the girls that she had worked for the same firm in their Newark shop, which is

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twice as big as the shop in New York, and where conditions are of the worst. She declared that unless the Newark shop was "taken down" the work of the New York shop would be done in Newark and they would never win. Minnie was therefore appointed with a few other girls to picket the Newark shop. This news reached the employer, who at once went to Newark. While Minnie was talking to one of the non-union girls, who was perfectly willing to listen to her, her employer jumped out of an automobile, sprang on her like a cat, grabbed her by the throat and nearly choked her. She was helpless, but the girl she was talking to screamed, which caused a policeman to appear from around the corner. The employer then came to his senses, and immediately saw his danger. Slipping a handful of silver to the policeman, he ordered that Minnie be arrested on the charge of assaulting the non-union girl. The policeman was about to obey when the employer noticed that Minnie was unconscious, and that the other pickets were eager to be taken to court with her to testify as to what had really happened. He quickly changed his mind. Slipping the policeman a further fee, he ordered the officer to call an ambulance, which the policeman did. Minnie was taken to the hospital, where she remained for two weeks—and there was the end of the story.

Of all the wearying duties that have devolved upon the girls, none has been so trying and dangerous as this duty of picketing. It means long and weary hours of walking and waiting, often in bitter cold and rain, often with little food to keep you warm within and too little clothing to protect you from without. It means exposure to the street loafer; it often means abuse and insult from the boss; it has meant, as has been shown, suffering from the lawlessness of police and magistrates, for merely performing an act which is a legal right according to the statutes of the State of New York; it has meant being thrown into cells with the most degraded women of the street, and finally, for many, a sentence to five days in the workhouse.

"Why was I sent to the workhouse?" repeated Rose Perr, a little fifteen-year-old girl, with wonderment and pain in her face. "It happened so: Before I go to picket I always read my little piece of paper with the picketing rules printed on it, so as not to get arrested. '1. Don't call *Scab*. 2. Don't touch *Scab* while you speak to her. 3. Don't speak to *Scab* when she says "stop." 4. Don't stand with *Scab* on sidewalk; keep on walking.'

"One evening a friend and I were picketing a shop when a great big fat policeman came over to us. Holding out his club as a threat, he told us in a rough way, 'You girls go home and mind your own business!'

"We did not answer, but walked on. Just then a scab came down from the shop, and we quietly told her the usual thing: 'This shop is on strike; won't you please join the union?' While we were speaking a thug came suddenly over and hit my friend right in the chest. She fell down crying. I turned to the policeman, who saw the whole thing, and asked him to arrest the thug. 'All right,' he said, 'but you must come along as a witness.'

"I went with him. But at the station-house we were treated as the criminals. We were insulted by everybody; men pulled at our hats and coats, talked to us in a way that is impossible for a decent person to repeat. We were thrown into a cell and kept there six hours with drunken women—oh, the worst kind of women! When our case came up we had no chance to say a word. In the court-room was the employer with the scab. She was Italian and could not speak English, so the boss spoke for her. He made a complaint against my friend and myself; he said that we hit her; and the judge sent my friend and myself for five days to the workhouse."

Some of the actions of the magistrates seem almost unbelievable, but are only too sadly, too frequently, true. There is one little girl who is always doing something at the union's headquarters—you can distinguish her from the rest because she wears her coat like a cape. There is a reason for that, for her right arm is in a sling. When she arose in her shop to announce to the workers that a strike had been called and asked them to join the union, the boss in his fury threw a pair of scissors at her, which inflicted a deep wound in her forearm. When she applied

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at court for a warrant for the arrest of her assailant, the magistrate expressed himself as follows:

"You cannot have a warrant. You are a criminal, and you have got no more than your just deserts. God says in the Bible that by the sweat of his brow every man must earn his bread. You are keeping the girls from earning their bread. Your strike is a strike against God!"

But despite it all—despite cold, hunger, police brutality, magisterial insult and injustice, the shame and degraded companionship of the workhouse—these girls have kept up their spirit, a spirit that has brought them much sympathetic outside aid, a spirit that is, as I write, bringing toward a successful close the longest, biggest, bitterest struggle for better living conditions ever waged by women in America.

BETTER FARMING, BETTER BUSINESS BETTER LIVING[1]

BY SIR HORACE PLUNKETT

I HAVE urged that the progress of Western civilization has been dangerously one-sided; that the modern city—the center of thought and therefore of influence in National affairs—has been developed to the neglect and in some ways at the expense of the country. Public opinion, which must be moved before any large social readjustment is possible, takes the urban view, and, naturally, may be slow to agree with this judgment. Many who admit the facts as I have stated them question the existence of the problem; the majority, if they take more than an academic interest in it, say that it is in process of solution.

This attitude of the city mind is not new; it pervades the literature of the Augustan age. I recall from my schooldays Virgil's great handbook on Italian agriculture, written with a mastery of technical detail unsurpassed by Kipling. But the farmers he had in mind when he indulged in his memorable rhapsody upon the happiness of their lot were out for pleasure rather than profit. While the suburban poet sang to the merchant princes, Rome was paying a bonus upon imported corn and generally entering upon that fatal disregard for the interest of the rural population which was one of the accepted causes of the coming decline and fall.

How all this comes back to me when I talk to New York friends on the subject of these pages! I am told I am not up to date in my information; that there is a marked revulsion of feeling upon the town *versus* country question, and that the tide of the rural exodus has really turned, as I might have discerned without going far afield. At many a Long Island home I might have seen, on any Sunday, weather permitting, the horny-handed son of week-day toil (in Wall Street), rustically attired, inspecting his Jersey cows and aristocratic fowls. These supply a select circle in New York with butter and eggs, at a price which leaves nothing to be desired—unless it be some information as to the cost of production. Full justice is done to the new country life when the Farmers' Club of New York fulfills its chief function—the annual dinner at Delmonico's. Then agriculture is extolled in fine Virgilian style, the Hudson villa and the Newport "cottage" being permitted to divide the honors of the rural revival with the Long Island home. But, to my bucolic intelligence, it would seem that against the "back to the land" movement of Saturday afternoon the captious critic might set the rural exodus of Monday morning.

These reflections and experiences are introduced with serious intent. Far be it

[1] The fourth of a series of articles on "Conservation and Rural Life," the first of which appeared in The Outlook of January 29.—THE EDITORS.

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from me to say a word in disparagement of the new rural life; it is associated with memories of characteristically American hospitality. Moreover, it is distinctly helpful in giving to those who cultivate it a point of view which will enable them to grasp the real problem of the open country as it exists, for example, in the great food-producing and cotton-growing tracts West and South. Many of these men are prominent in public affairs and full of good works; and although their interests are essentially urban, they are, in the conditions as I have presented them, the natural leaders of the country life movement. I hope to be able to show that this is not one of those new movements by which nothing but resolutions are moved.

Those who have had the patience to read these papers up to this point may now wish to put some pertinent questions to me. "Assuming," they may well say, "that we accept as true all that you tell us about the neglect of the rural population and the grave consequences which must follow if the matter be not adjusted, what on earth can we do? We agree that the welfare of the rural population is a matter of paramount importance to the city population and to the Nation at large. But may we remind you that you said the evil and the consequences can be removed and averted only through the active intervention of those immediately concerned, the actual farmers—that the remedy for rural backwardness was to be sought for in the rural mind? 'Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?' Must not the patient 'minister to himself'? What are we townsmen to do, or to induce the farmers to do, and how?"

Fair questions these, and altogether to the point. The patient ought to minister to himself, but he won't, because he has acquired the habit of calling in the physician of the town. The physic in vogue is a public opinion which aggravates the disease. The prescription must be changed. Dropping metaphor, I proceed to sketch the scope and aim—the broad principles and chief working details—of a movement which will unite statesmanship and practical philanthropy towards an all-round improvement in the conditions of life and labor upon the American farm.

Agriculture may be looked at as a science, as a business, and as a life. I have already adverted to President Roosevelt's formula for solving the rural problem—better farming, better business, better living. Better farming simply means the application of the teachings of modern science to the practice of agriculture. Better business is the no less necessary application of economic principles and modern commercial methods to the business side of the farming industry. Better living is the building up in rural communities of a domestic and social life which will withstand the growing attractions of the modern city.

This threefold scheme of reform covers the whole ground, and may be safely adopted by the country life movement. But in the actual work I would make one change in the order of procedure. I have learned, while working on the same problem in Ireland and studying it elsewhere, that in a better organization of the farmer's business is to be found, not only the chief remedy for his economic disadvantages, but also the only way of setting in motion those improvements in his industry and that brightening of his home life which are included in better farming and better living. I shall therefore take first, and give most space to, better business.

The superiority of the business methods of the town over those of the country is obvious, but I think it is not universally understood wherein that superiority lies. What strikes the eye is the material apparatus of business—the telephone, the typewriter, street cars, the advertisements, the exchange; all these form an impressive contrast with the slow, simple life of the farmer, who very likely scratches his accounts on a shingle or keeps them in his head. But most of this apparatus is due merely to the necessity of swift movement in the concentrated process of exchange and distribution. Such swiftness is neither necessary nor possible in the process of isolated production. But there is an economic law as applicable to rural as to urban pursuits, which has been recognized and obeyed by the farmers of most European countries, including Ireland, but has been too little heeded by the farmers of the United States and Great Britain. Under modern economic

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conditions things must be done in a large way if they are to be done profitably, and this necessitates resort to combination.

The advantage which combination gives to the town over the country was recognized long before the recent economic changes forced men to combine. In the old towns of Europe all trades began as strict and exclusive corporations. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries new scientific and economic forces broke up these combinations, which were far too narrow for the growing volume of business to be done, and an epoch of competition began. The great towns of America opened their business career during this epoch, and have brought the arts of competition to a higher perfection than exists in Europe. But it has always been known that competition did not exclude combination against the consumer; and it is now beginning to be perceived that the fiercer the competition, the more surely does it lead in the end to such combination.

A trade combination has three principal objects: It aims first at improving what I may call the internal business methods of the trade itself, by eliminating the waste due to competition, by economizing staff, plant, etc., by the ready transmission of intelligence, and in other ways. In the second place, it aims at strengthening the trade against outside interests. These may be of various kinds; but in the typical case we are considering, namely, the combination of great middlemen who control exchange and distribution, the outside interests are those of the producer on one side and the consumer on the other; and the trade combination, by its organized unity of action, succeeds in lowering the prices it pays to the unorganized producer and in raising the prices it charges to the unorganized consumer. In the third place, the trade combination aims at political control. By various methods it tries to influence the course of legislation and administration so as to favor its own interests in their relation to other interests. I am not now arguing the question whether or how far this action on the part of trade combinations is morally justifiable. My point is simply that the towns have flourished at the expense of the country by the use of these methods, and that the countryman must adopt them if he is to get his own again.

This truth will be easily realized if we look for a moment into the problem of distribution as it applies to agricultural produce and see what the essentials of it are. This produce finds its chief market in the great cities. Their populations must have their food sent in so that it can be rapidly distributed; and this requires that the consignments must be delivered regularly, in large quantities and of such uniform quality that a sample will give a correct indication of the whole.

The fulfillment of these three conditions is not within the power of isolated farmers, however large. It is an open question whether farmers should themselves undertake the distribution of their produce through agencies of their own, thus saving the wholesale and possibly the retail profits. But unquestionably they should be so well organized at home that they can take this course if they are unfairly treated by organized middlemen. The Danish farmers, who are very highly organized, have established (with Government assistance which their organization enabled them to secure) a very efficient machinery for distributing their butter, bacon, and eggs in the British markets. Other European farming communities are becoming equally well organized, and so will control the cost of marketing their produce. But where, as in America and the United Kingdom, the town dominates the country, the machinery of distribution is owned by the business men of the towns and is worked by them in their own interests. They naturally take from the unorganized producers, as well as from the unorganized consumers, the full business value of the service they render. With the growing cost of living, this is a matter of urgent importance to the towns. In the pending cheaper-food campaign, voices are heard calling the farmers to account for their uneconomical methods.

In the face of such facts it is not easy to account for the backwardness of American and British farmers in organization. The farmer, we know, is everywhere the most conservative and individualistic of human beings. He dislikes change in his methods, and he venerates those which have come down to him from his fathers'

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fathers. Whatever else he may waste, these traditions he conserves. He does not wish to interfere with anybody else's business, and he is fixedly determined that others shall not interfere with his. These estimable qualities make agricultural organization more difficult in Anglo-Saxon communities than in those where clan or tribal instincts seem to survive. I may mention, in passing, that I should expect the negroes in the South to be easily organized. It is fair to the farmer to admit that his calling does not lend itself readily to associative action. He lives apart; most of his time is spent in the open air, and in the evening of the working day physical repose is more congenial than mental activity. But when all this is said, we have not a complete explanation of the fact that American and British farmers persistently disobey an accepted law and refuse to follow the almost universal practice of modern business. I have a further, and I think important, explanation to offer.

The form of combination which the towns have invented for industrial and commercial purposes is the Joint Stock Company. Here a number of persons contribute their capital to a common fund and intrust the direction to a single head or committee, taking no further part in the business, except to change the management if it does not yield a satisfactory dividend. Our urban way of looking at things has made us assume that this city system must be suitable to rural conditions. The contrary is the fact. When farmers combine, it is a combination not of money only, but of personal effort in relation to the entire business. In a co-operative creamery, for example, the chief contribution of a shareholder is in milk; in an elevator, corn; in other cases it may be fruit or vegetables, or a variety of material things rather than cash. But it is most of all a combination of neighbors within an area small enough to allow of all the members meeting frequently at the business center. As the system develops, the local associations are federated for larger business transactions.

The object of such associations is, not to declare a dividend, but to improve the conditions of the industry for the members. After an agreed interest has been paid upon the shares, the net profits are divided between the participants in the undertaking, to each in proportion as he has contributed to them through the business he has done with the institution. In the control of the management, the principle of "one man, one vote" is strictly observed—an essential condition of co-operative as distinguished from joint stock organization. These conditions have to be embodied in a constitution and procedure which will be recognized by all concerned to be equitable, and will thus make it to the interest of every member to give his whole-hearted support and aid to the undertaking. It is clear, however, that organizations which fill these requirements are not likely to be spontaneously generated as rapidly as the circumstances demand. This is why a country life movement is required to work out what is essentially a rather difficult problem of organization.

In Ireland, where the analogous problem is far more urgent, we have an Agricultural Organization Society whose function is merely to show farmers how to reorganize their business on co-operative lines. We have to work against difficulties which have no counterpart in the United States; yet we manage to make steady progress. Organized bodies of farmers are learning how to purchase their agricultural requirements of the best quality and at the lowest price, and to compete with the foreign importer in exercising control over the distribution of their butter, eggs, poultry, and other produce in the British markets. About half the export of Irish butter comes from co-operative dairying societies.

But of the many objects for which Irish farmers combine, that of getting working capital upon more favorable terms will perhaps be the most interesting to American agriculturists. In the poorest Irish districts a large number of co-operative credit associations have been formed, mainly with the object of enabling their members to escape from the degrading indebtedness to storekeepers and usurers which is the invariable lot of unorganized peasantries. These associations borrow upon the joint and several unlimited liability of their members. They lend money to their members, under rules and regulations which are designed to

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meet one of the great financial grievances from which all farmers suffer. The ordinary banks lend money to agriculturists for a term (generally ninety days) which has been fixed to suit the needs of town business. Thus, a farmer borrows money to sow a crop and has to repay it before he harvests it; or to purchase young cattle, and has to repay before they mature and are marketable. The co-operative association lends only for what is technically called a productive purpose—that is, a purpose calculated to make a profit for the borrower. Furthermore, the committee, who know the character and capacity of the borrower and can judge of the soundness of the purpose, fit the term of the loan to the requirements of the case. These details illustrate my main contention—that one of the chief advantages of organization to the farmer is that it enables him to do his business in a way that suits him, instead of adopting a town-made system unsuited to his needs.

Our Irish co-operative movement, taken as a whole, is to-day represented by nearly one thousand farmers' organizations, with an aggregate membership of some one hundred thousand persons, mostly heads of families. Its business turnover last year was twelve and a half million dollars. In estimating these figures American readers must not think in continents.

A concluding article in this series of articles by Sir Horace Plunkett will appear in the next number of The Outlook.—THE EDITORS.

CARMELA'S WEDDING

A STORY OF THE MESSINA EARTHQUAKE

BY KATHERINE BEMENT DAVIS

THE Chief City Accountant came downstairs for perhaps the twentieth time that day. He looked worried. He had looked worried ever since the first ship-load of refugees was sighted. It was not because his desk was piling high with official business, which meant whole nights of work later on; it was not because he was working twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four—the trouble was the women. The Chief City Accountant was soft-hearted, and all day long, from early morning until late at night, they were coming to him with their tales of horror and their appeals for miracles that no human being could work.

In his wake came a small figure in a costume that would have been absurd if it had not been pathetic, for she was dressed in odds and ends from some attic, the things that were thrown out of the windows into the carts which made their rounds when we knew that the fugitives were literally naked.

"What to do?" began the Chief City Accountant in his usual formula. His English was very intelligible, which was a great comfort in those days. "I know you have said that you only take one from a family. It is true that you have already this girl's aunt; but really it is two or three families who live in one room, and she is the only one who can earn for hers." He took the girl by the arm as she shrank behind him, and presented her.

This was my introduction to Carmela, as picturesque a Sicilian girl as one could see. She had the look of the East about her, the type that belongs, in imagination at least, to the harems of the Orient, a type that has existed in Sicily since the days of the Saracen occupation. Her face was oval and colorless except for the red lips; eyes and hair black, the latter hidden at first sight by the inevitable scarf, in this case but a torn half-breadth of faded calico. Her slight figure was concealed in a voluminous basque, evidently once the property of some stout, middle-aged personage. It was of the fashion of forty years ago, faded and

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stained. The sleeves concealed her pretty hands, but the lack of collar revealed her shapely throat. The skirt was a bedraggled woolen of nondescript color; it was moth-eaten, and a tear across the front breadth had been mended with a pin. There was the stunned look about her that was the common characteristic of the women in those days. The horrors of the great disaster had deadened them.

Later I learned her story—one, alas! only too common. She was a member of one of the large families so usual in this country, where grandfathers, grandmothers, uncles, aunts, and cousins all live in the one locality, unless some few of the male members are of an adventurous spirit and have emigrated to America.

Fortunately, they had not all been under one roof the night of the disaster. Carmela, with her father and mother and some of her six younger brothers and sisters, had lived on the third floor of one of the large apartment-houses in which Messina abounded. When the crash came, the building had parted as if cleft with a knife. Half had fallen to one street and half towards the street on the other side. To the certain loss of the sister who had slept by her side was added the uncertainty as to the fate of the father. After rescue parties from various ships had searched in various parts of the ruins, it often happened that one member of a family was taken to Naples, another to Catania, and perhaps a third to Palermo.

Carmela's fourteen-year-old brother had been sleeping on the floor above her, and by a miracle, or, as his sister said, "held up by the angels," he had fallen from the fourth floor to the ground in his bed unhurt. It was he who had saved the other members of the family who were then in Syracuse. The mother, through the blow on her head, was only half conscious of what had happened, but was too little injured to take up room in a hospital, where were so many who had lost arms and legs and eyes and hands. What there was left of the family was living with sixteen other people in a room perhaps twenty-four by twenty feet; hay on the floor for beds and a board or two across a box formed the only furniture, but they esteemed themselves fortunate in having shelter from the rain, which poured down day after day and added to the general feeling of despair.

And so Carmela was given a place in our workroom. A queer workroom it was, put at our disposal by the good Mayor, for rooms large enough for our purpose were very scarce in Syracuse. This was the city's Council Chamber. The desks behind which the city fathers sat and discussed the policy of this town, centuries older than the Christian faith, were turned into cutting-tables, where we sat in the seats of the mighty and cut out underclothes of a pattern as ancient as the drapery of the Greek figures on the jars in the Museum; and beneath the marble statues of a line of Sicilian heroes, beginning with Hiero and ending with Garibaldi, Singer sewing-machines whirred. It was an exciting place, too, for next door was the Mayor's private office, guarded by a gorgeous creature in uniform with much gold lace, whom for several days we supposed to be a major-general at least, but who turned out to be the doorkeeper. His Italian name was too complicated for every-day use, so we called him the major-domo for short. It was his business to see that we were protected from the intrusions of the many curious, and that the stream of visitors who sought the Mayor all day long and late into the night did not all precipitate themselves upon his Honor at one fell swoop. His duties were arduous, and who could blame him when every now and then some man or woman or some two or three burst by and rushed into the sewing-room, to throw themselves upon the neck of some woman whom they had feared was lost? It was hard work to do business under these conditions, but no one could have been heartless enough to interrupt these happy reunions.

Poor Carmela! How eagerly she watched the door, and how the tears would run down her cheeks when, after an exciting parley just outside, the major-domo would open the door and beckon to some one of the group of women whose every head was eagerly raised! But Carmela was never the one to be summoned. At first I thought it was the father for whom she watched so eagerly; then, when I got to know her a little better, one night when she had lingered, after

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the rest had been paid their lira and a half, to ask if I could persuade the good German doctor to come to her mother, she fell upon my neck and told me all her story.

She had a lover. He was a singer in cafés, or, when fortune prospered him, in concert halls. He earned very little, but "Oh, if you could hear him sing!" said Carmela. "Not the singers in opera sing any better." But he had never had a chance to study. Carmela was very old for an unmarried Sicilian girl, all of twenty-two years, but they were very sensible, she said. He would not marry until they could have a comfortable home—a room of their own, at least—and for five years they had waited. Now it was all over—she thought it was the end of the world. "God has forgotten Sicily." But for the poor injured mother's sake, and for the little brothers and sisters left alive, she too must live, but Giuseppe she would never see again. I told her what she already knew—how families had been reunited after days of waiting, how there were many chances that he might have been taken wounded to some other city and would seek and find her—but no; two weeks had already passed, and she was sure that there was no longer any hope. She grew thinner every day. She did not cry, but one could not bear to look at her. She could not eat the lunch which we provided at noon. She was so pretty and so pathetic, not suffering more, alas! than many, many hundreds of other women, but there was something about her, some charm which appealed to the imagination, and so I brought her little delicacies from the hotel table to try to tempt her appetite. I tried to make her feel how life would be worth living after a little, but she could not see it so. Giuseppe, her only lover, was gone, and the five years of dreams and hopes had come to nothing. And so the days dragged on for the suffering—flew on for those of us who suffered only through our sympathies, and whose thoughts were filled with the work we were trying to do.

But one morning we awoke, and the rain was gone, the sun was shining, the distant mountains stood out sharp, and above them all the peak of Ætna, snow-capped, was clear against the sky-line. The water in the harbor turned from gray to blue. The town children, reinforced by the hundreds of little fugitives, poured out into the streets, for schools were closed to give lodgings to the refugees. The temper of the weather was reflected in the little ones. All our spirits rose. When the women came in that morning, they looked happier and more hopeful and their fingers worked faster; they spoke to each other with more than the brief request for scissors or thread. They even laughed when the baby daughter of one of them insisted upon playing ball and hit his Honor the Mayor as he was passing through. Carmela brightened with the others. It was the sort of day when it is good to be alive, when one has a presentiment that something pleasant is going to happen. And, sure enough, something did happen; otherwise this would not have been the story of a wedding.

There had been the usual bustling and parleys in the hall and the usual number of summonses for one and another of the group of workers, and finally the major-domo opened the door with a flourish and there appeared a young man with a bandage about his head and his arm in a sling.

Of course it was Giuseppe, and you can imagine the scene that followed. Carmela gave a scream, the women rose to their feet as one woman, scissors and thimbles and work dropped to the floor, the sewing-machines stopped their buzzing, and the women crowded around the happy two. Of course Carmela fainted, and of course Giuseppe went down on his knees beside her, and one woman called for water and another opened the windows, and there was general commotion. A few even became hysterical, but were promptly squelched, for fortunately the "manageress" was experienced in hysterics. The talk was fast and furious. It was impossible to follow it. Giuseppe had been searching everywhere for Carmela. He had succeeded in reaching her home only after all the living inmates had been removed, for he himself had been imprisoned for several days. He had been taken first to the hospital at Taormina, and had been passed on from there, searching each of the coast towns in which refugees were located.

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Naturally, Carmela had a holiday that day, and Giuseppe was added to the group in the already crowded room.

A few days after this Carmela was transferred to the workroom in the hotel, for the room in which she lived was over on the Santa Lucia shore. I missed her from the workroom, but every morning as I drove into town I met her tramping to her work hanging on to Giuseppe's well arm, for every day, in spite of the customs of the country, he insisted upon escorting her to the very door of the workroom. Social conventions, like other things, gave way before an earthquake.

The sight of their happy faces cheered me up for the whole day. It was good to have a bit of romance in the midst of so much misery. But one day a new difficulty arose. Their faces were clouded when I met them in the morning—the sun was shining, too. I stopped to ask why. Giuseppe, it seems, had a letter from relatives in Genoa to whom he had written of his safety, and now they were begging him to come to their home, for they were confident that an engagement for him could be secured in one of their own music halls. The chance was too good to lose, but how could he leave Carmela again? His friends were poor. They would send his ticket. But how were people to marry who had nothing but the ragged clothes they wore? Whatever happened, they could not part again. Who could blame them? Everybody felt in those days that earthquakes were a most common natural manifestation. We all had an idea that we should wake up some morning to find all Sicily swallowed up by the waves.

In spite of the fact that I am an old maid—or is it possibly because of it?—I am romantic. This was too good an opportunity to make two people happy, and so I said at once: "Get married. You certainly will never have less than you have at the present moment."

The happy lovers had attracted the attention of the other guests at the hotel. Every one was interested, and it was not at all difficult to get a subscription for Carmela's trousseau. Some of the good ladies at the hotel took the matter in charge. The most important thing was the selection of the wedding dress, and, after much discussion, pale gray was chosen. Perhaps it would not be very serviceable, but she would look so pretty in it. However, Carmela would have none of it. Black would be "*sympatica*." She had lost so many near and dear, and black it had to be. In the workroom she made herself three suits of everything a woman wears. Sheets and pillow-cases were bought with American money, and, luxury of luxuries, a gorgeous plaid carry-all to contain the bride's wardrobe.

Because we were women and foreigners, the wedding clothes had seemed more important than some of the other features—for example, the red tape necessary to get married within Sicily. We fixed the day and summoned Carmela's oldest brother, a street-car motorman at Caltanisetta, to give away the bride (somehow electric cars and motormen seem incongruous in the neighborhood of the fields of Enna, but these are some of the things that make Sicily fascinating); then it occurred to us that more was necessary than walking to the clergyman's house, and that all one's documents, from the birth certificate down, must be in order before a marriage can be legalized.

Messina was gone, and with it the town hall and the parish churches, the family archives, and all the documentary evidence that Carmela and Giuseppe had ever been born, that they had any names, and that neither of them had a husband or wife elsewhere. Probably there were other details of which I have no knowledge, being, as I have said, a foreigner. When we discovered this, we were dismayed. So I went to my tower of strength, the Mayor, and laid the case before him. He said that undoubtedly in due time Parliament would legislate to meet such cases as these. This was not the only romance of the kind. They must wait. "*Patienza*" was the word, whether a square meal, an amputation, or a wedding ceremony was in question. But how could they wait? It would be cruel to send the poor boy off alone on what to them was a journey almost to the world's end. Then the Mayor had a bright idea! Some sort of judicial decree was possible which would legalize the marriage.

I never knew just what the tribunal was, nor how it was accomplished. It

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was enough for us that we were promised the necessary documents for the next Saturday. So the clouds cleared away, and, to make things more cheery, the gentleman from Massachusetts came, with all the generous gifts of the generous people of Massachusetts in his pocket. He took the bridegroom by the hand and led him to the nearest outfitter's, and, behold! the bridegroom was worthy of the bride.

The eventful Saturday came, and with it the brother from Caltanisetta. It was a perfect day in January, with snow on the distant mountains, but roses and geraniums in profusion in the gardens. At an early hour the wedding party was in readiness to be summoned to the *Municipio*, but, alas! the paper which was to make all right and legal did not appear. The bride and groom waited patiently among their friends in their one room. The good people at the hotel who were to assist in the consummation of our romance held themselves in readiness all day, and in our workrooms there was great excitement, for pretty Carmela and her wounded lover had won the hearts of everybody. But hour after hour went by, and the important document did not come. I think I was almost as much disappointed as the bride. In the middle of the afternoon the Mayor sent his secretary in search of the court officials.

"Never mind," he said; "we will have that wedding to-day if I have to marry them at eleven o'clock at night." But it was not quite as bad as that, for about five o'clock, as dusk was falling, the secretary returned in triumph with the paper.

And then there was bustling. We telephoned out to the hotel for the bridal party to get under way. The work-people were paid off, except for the few intimate friends, and in less time than one would have thought possible the bridal party drove into the municipal courtyard: the bride in her modest black dress, with the dainty white lace scarf loaned for the occasion by the kindly wife of the English clergyman draped over her graceful head, and the bridegroom in his fine new suit; the poor mother, only half conscious of what was going on, and the motorman brother, full of importance; and the aunts and cousins, visibly proud of the honor done their family through the interest of the foreign ladies. The Mayor donned his scarf of green, white, and red, and the wedding party arranged themselves before him.

News of the wedding had spread through the building, and in the back of the room and all the doorways were massed the city employees and as many of the workwomen as had been permitted to linger.

The Mayor read the civil service with an impressiveness which showed his sympathy, and the fact that to him it was more than a mere form; then, laying aside his book, he addressed a few earnest words to the young couple—such words as the girl's own father might have used. Tears were very near the eyes of all of us, as we thought of how the happiness of these young people had been made possible only at the expense of such awful suffering. We kissed the bride and shook the bridegroom by the hand, and then, as a move was made among the company to leave the room, the Baronessa caught my arm—the dear little Baronessa, our indispensable helper in all that we did. She was the only one to whom it had occurred that a civil marriage alone was not enough. Apparently the bride and bridegroom themselves and all of their family, though Sicilians and Catholics, had such implicit faith in our arrangements that they had never once questioned what was to follow. "But it is impossible," said the Baronessa, "for them to go away together. In the sight of God and of the Church it would be no marriage; we must have a priest at once." How ashamed we all felt! But then our troubles began again.

It was six o'clock on a dark Saturday evening. Would it be possible to find a church and a priest? We would try. The Cathedral at Syracuse stands next door to the *Municipio*—the old Cathedral that was at first a Greek temple more than four hundred years B.C. What scenes it has looked upon! A Greek temple, a Christian church, a Mohammedan mosque, and a Christian church again—probably the oldest building in Christendom in which continuous religious services of some sort have been held. The pillars of the Greek temple are plainly to be seen in its walls to-day. The roof, alas! is falling from the disrepair of decades,

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and is supported to-day by unsightly walls, bare of anything except whitewash, so that the side chapels alone can be used. How weird it seemed as we made our way through the side door into its dark recesses this January evening! Not a light; no one inside but the old woman whose business it was to see that the doors were closed at the proper hour.

In the sacristy we halted for consultation. A queer party we were, when one came to think of it: the nucleus of the group a Sicilian peasant boy and girl; then the English clergyman and his wife from the hotel; the Baron and the little Baronessa, representatives of the bluest of the old Sicilian blood; the Chief City Accountant, with his kindly interest in all that concerned the refugees, and happy if only some one took from him the responsibility of the well-being of the women; my young law-student secretary from Messina, a boy who had lost father and mother and brothers and all he had in the world, but who wisely sought relief service for others; the whole of the American population of Syracuse, consisting that day of my associate and myself; the old woman caretaker, and the inevitable small boy or two on the outskirts of the party. Finally a priest appeared from some dim recess, and the case was laid before him.

Yes, he would perform the ceremony. He began to don his robes, when again our wise little Baronessa protested: "But it is impossible; he is not the priest of the parish, and only the priest of the parish or the Archbishop himself can legally perform a wedding ceremony within the parish." The little Baronessa seemed to be wiser than the clergy itself, for the old man had appeared entirely willing to go ahead. Again a halt was called and a search was made for the parish priest. He had gone on an errand of mercy to a distant part of the town, and no telling when he would be back. And the brother's train would go in an hour! In the words of the Chief City Accountant, "What to do?" Some one advised postponing the religious ceremony until the following week. Carmela's and Giuseppe's faces lengthened. "It shall be done now," I said. "The Archbishop will come."

Events during the past weeks had shown that rank and personal ease did not stand in the way of this true bishop of souls where personal service could count, and the lively Baron undertook to deliver our request. He had not far to go, as the Archbishop's palace joined the Cathedral, and a few moments later he returned with a long face. "The Archbishop is out," he said, "and no one knows when he will return." "Go again," said I; "we will wait." By this time the chill air of the Cathedral had penetrated through and through, and we found ourselves standing on one foot at a time, like a party of storks. The pavement was ice cold, and we were slowly congealing, but we waited on, and this time not in vain. The Baron came back in triumph. "Macaroni?" he said, in the formula of the beggars, holding out his hand. "I have done it. I caught the bishop by the coat tails as he was ascending the grand stairway, and he will be here in a moment." My reading of the bishop's character had evidently not been at fault, and from then on all was smooth sailing.

Two altar-boys appeared by magic with their lights, and speedily the tall candles which surround St. Lucia in her silver shrine were lighted—"St. Lucia," who, on the morning of the earthquake, had been torn from her chapel and carried to the water's edge to bid the waves be still!

Again the half-circle formed, but this time we knelt at the altar-rails behind which the Archbishop in his robes appeared to bless the little peasant couple. The Baron with the ancient pedigree and the melancholy young law student from Messina stepped forward to act as witnesses for the bridegroom, as the law requires. At the railing knelt the clergyman of the Church of England and his good wife, the American Unitarian, the devout Catholic Baronessa, and the members of the bride's family. Catholics and Protestants alike, we bowed our heads on the altar-rail and prayed with the Archbishop that God might bless this union; and when, in simple and solemn words, he reminded the young couple of the providence of God, who had seen fit to bring them happiness and raise them up friends amid the awful disaster which it had been his will to allow, it crossed my mind,

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as it must have crossed the minds of those kneeling with me, that this scene typified the brotherly love which, in the midst of so much that is evil, dwells in the hearts of all nations, unrealized perhaps, but brought to light when the hand of God is laid heavily upon his people, and which makes us know, temporarily at least, that we all, of all races and creeds and colors, are brothers and sisters.

THE NEW BOOKS

A Yale catalogue of the senior class in 1854, yellowed with years, contains the name of a student then earning his education—"Yung Wing, Macao, China," a strange phenomenon at that time in our academic world. Beside this in 1909 is a new octavo volume bound in China's imperial yellow, "My Life in China and America." Between these two dates lies the career of an eminent benefactor of mankind, Yung Wing, LL.D. of Yale, Commissioner of the Chinese Educational Commission, Associate Chinese Minister in Washington, etc. Brought to this country by the Rev. S. R. Brown, a missionary of the American Board, he conceived the high purpose of making his education here fit him for uplifting China to enlightenment and power. Through a maze of obstacles and vicissitudes this was his guiding star, followed for many years with invincible courage, patience, and tactfulness. Returning to China with the prestige of the Yale diploma of A.B., the Chinese equivalent for which means "Elegant Talent," and receiving an appointment in the Customs Service, he threw up a salary of $3,000 on discovering that the Service was fouled with bribes and graft, that he might make a record above suspicion. His countrymen, who thought him a crank in this, honored him for chastising a foreign bully of the sort before wh ch they were wont to cringe. Years of baffled hope went by till Viceroy Tsang sent for him. But the Viceroy's interest was the establishment of a machine shop of the Western kind, and Yung postponed his darling educational scheme to further it by accomplishing the Viceroy's project. He created an establishment which grew to greatness, now a lasting memorial of his genius. The success thus scored brought fulfillment to his long-deferred hope. In 1872 the first band of picked Chinese youth set forth under his leadership for education in this country. A hundred and twenty had come hither, when ungenerous treatment by our Government enabled Chinese reactionaries to recall them and close the commission. Some of these students are now among the leading statesmen of China, and their influence has revived Yung Wing's work on a large scale. After that great disappointment he served his country as a leader in counsel for war and finance, and his headquarters in Peking were the rendezvous of the party of reform till its overthrow by the Dowager Empress in 1898. Yung Wing is a patriotic American as well as a Chinese patriot. While here on his machine shop commission, in the crisis of the Civil War, and having time on his hands, he offered his services for six months to the Government as the duty of a naturalized citizen. He married an American wife—Miss Kellogg, of Hartford, deceased in 1886. His two sons, to whom he dedicates his autobiography, are graduates of Yale. His present home is in Hartford. He belongs to both countries. He began and has steadily wrought in the yet unfinished work of knitting their mutual interests. There is inspiration for the youth of both countries in his early and lifelong consecration to the ideals of unselfish patriotism. (Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.50.)

It would be impossible to make a dull biography of "Richard Brinsley Sheridan" unless one were to leave out the wit and charm of the man's own personality. Mr. Walter Sichel by no means does this, but what he has most seriously at heart is a new and thorough presentation of the many-sided wit, statesman, and play-writer. To aid him he has a newly discovered diary of the Duchess of Devonshire (Georgiana), which in particular clears up some of the political tangles in which Sheridan was involved. But mainly his conclusions are based on a really masterly study and synthesis of already existing materials, and this includes a comprehensive survey of the society and manners of England in Sheridan's day. Contradictory as were Sheridan's conduct and habits, Mr. Sichel finds more strength and purpose than most writers, and especially he brings out the existence of sincere sentiment and deep affection. Much that we are wont to charge against Sheridan's own weakness is really a general weakness of men of the time—extravagance, debt, theatrical display. But Sheridan was generous as well as reckless; "he often owed what he could not pay, merely because he had paid what he never owed." He showed also (and Mr. Sichel points out several instances of this) far more modesty and reserve than are attributed to him. He was no mere brilliant jester; he had serious and permanent qualities. Mr. Sichel tells the story of Sheridan's engagement, duels, and strange marriage in dramatic narrative. Some other chapters are too minute in detail and drag in movement. The order of relation is odd, but suits Mr. Sichel's purpose. He begins

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with an immensely elaborate but fine analysis of character and temperament, jumps to the Bath episode, thence back to Sheridan's ancestors. The inconsecutiveness is planned, and on the whole is effective. The work is handsomely published, and the portrait illustration is of the best. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 2 vols. $7.50.)

The Bible Study Publishing Company has made a new departure in Sunday-school work by publishing a series of Sunday-school lessons on "Heroes of the Faith," prepared by Herbert Wright Gates. In this series Bible heroes of the Faith are connected with other heroes of like spirit: Abraham, the first pioneer, with David Livingstone, the modern pioneer missionary; Moses, the emancipator of Israel, with such persons as Harriet Beecher Stowe, General Armstrong, and Florence Nightingale. The plan is criticised in certain quarters for discarding the Bible and making Sunday-schools not different from day schools. We commend what these critics condemn. Such a course of lessons is based on the belief that God is in his world in America as surely as he was in Palestine, in the twentieth century after Christ as truly as in the sixth or eighth century before Christ, and that the heroes of the Faith to-day differ in no wise, except in individual peculiarities, from the heroes of the Faith whose stories are narrated in the Bible. To believe that religious faith is confined to Bible times and religious instruction and example are to be found only in Bible teachers and Bible heroes is to banish God from the greater part of human history; it is belittling, not enlarging and glorifying, faith. These Lesson Books of the Bible Study Publishing Company appear to us, from a cursory examination, to be well prepared. We recommend Sunday-schools which hold the larger and broader faith here intimated to give these books an examination with reference to a possible trial. (Bible Study Publishing Company, Boston.)

Professor Hall's "Evolution and the Fall" gives from the scientific standpoint a luminous statement of modern knowledge and belief. His effort to show the compatibility of this with "the Catholic doctrine of man's primitive state," as such that supernatural endowments exempted him from inevitable sin and physical death, is as masterly as dogmatic theology in departing from strictly inductive method admits of. Inductive reasoning has to take account of the fact, ignored by Catholic theologians but stamped on the very skeletons of distinct races, that all mankind have *not* descended from the "Adam" of the Mediterranean races, so that no entail of sin and death from his fall can be attributable to them. The yoking together, in this volume of the Bishop Paddock Lectures, of the inductive method of physical science and the deductive method of dogmatic theology arguing from assumptions mistaken for facts, is the modern analogue of the practice prohibited by Deuteronomy, "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together." (Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.50.)

The Gothic age marks Italy's rebirth. Among Italian patriots of that period were two poets, Dante and Petrarch. They loved their country's ancient history, not only for its own sake, but also because they wanted to reproduce it in their race. They loved the architectural and sculptural monuments of old time because they testified to Rome's greatness and power. On this account, as Mrs. Jerrold emphasizes in her "Francesco Petrarch" (Dutton), Rienzi's revolution (1347) appealed to Petrarch. The poet foresaw Rome's restoration. Dante's faith in the supremacy of the Romans, as set forth in his "De Monarchia," had clothed itself in a more consistent policy than did Petrarch's similar faith, content now with its realization through Rienzi, now through Charles IV, now through the Visconti. Patriots these poets were before they became literary men. In this, too, Petrarch followed where Dante had led, and the Gothic age thus marks the recovery of literary form. Not only did these poets crystallize the vernacular in literature; they began by loving the Latin language and literature because these were native to their beloved Italy. As Mrs. Jerrold says, Petrarch's passion for Italy gave him the insight to recognize that one source of Italian greatness lay in the Latin language, still its own, and in the never wholly forgotten Greek influences. Dante's accentuation of good Latin in his treatises was followed by Petrarch in Latin works, long unappreciated in comparison with his vernacular poetry, and, above all, in his letters. These, as the author justly claims, re-endowed the Latin language with something like its former eloquence and put an end to the monotonous style of preceding ages. Moreover, these letters mark one of Petrarch's achievements as a humanist. Not only was he steeped in the classics and their propagandist in his century, not only was he the best-educated man of his time, "he was the first to realize the value and interest of personal details and every-day events." He formed the style of his time. He did more. He turned his back on the schoolmen and scholastic methods. In philosophy he quickly divined Plato's supremacy. In religion he fearlessly denounced, as Dante had done, the prevalent abuses and scandals. Those who have not read Dante's "Divine Comedy" or Petrarch's Eclogues do not realize that no modern freedom of speech could excel the freedom enjoyed by those authors, albeit writing in the Gothic age! Finally, both poets were lovers: Dante the lover of Beatrice, Petrarch the lover of Laura. Mrs. Jerrold does not fail to point out that the greater poet walked with the diviner woman. But the signal merit of the present volume is its clear distinction between the poet and the humanist in Petrarch. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $4, net.)

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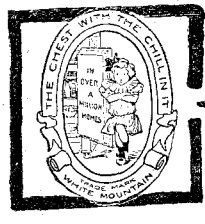

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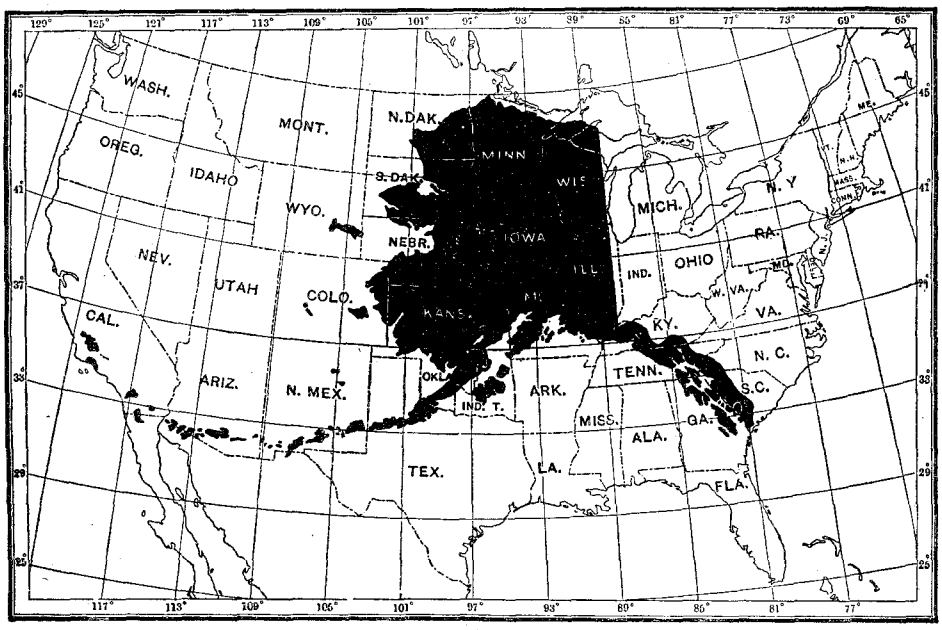

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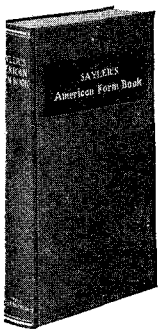

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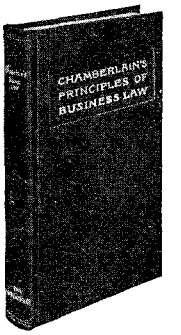

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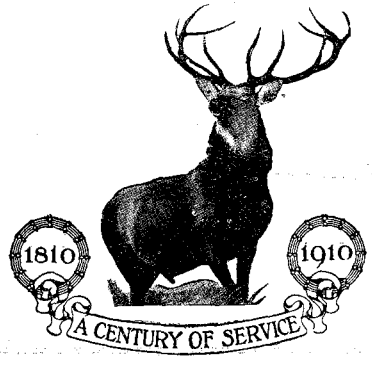

STATEMENT JANUARY 10th, 1910

Capital,	$ 2,000,000.00
Liabilities,	14,321,953.11
Assets,	23,035,700.61
Policy-holder's Surplus,	8,713,747.50

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